

2.
The Humourist:

B E I N G
E S S A Y S
U P O N
Several Subjects,

V I Z

Account of the Author.	Infidelity.
Stock-jobbers.	Publick Sports.
Authors.	Levity.
Travels.	The Duty of Authors.
Fancy	A Club of Authors.
Journalists.	Happiness.
The Weather.	Women.
Hope.	Coffee-houses.
Education.	Masquerades.
Prating.	Patriotism.
Modern Inventions.	Bishop <i>Burnet's</i> History.
Luxury.	Mortality.
Libels.	The Characters of Dif-
Popular Discontents.	ferent Nations.
Great Men.	Sedition.
Theatrical Entertainments.	Hoppers.
Method in Writing.	Some Characters of the
Suicide.	present Age.

V O L. II.

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Fleet-street. MDCCXXV.

Several Subjects
UPON
ESSAYS
BEING



V. O. B. II.

To the Right Honourable

JAMES *Lord* TYRAWLEY
and KILLMAIN.

My LORD,



E that makes free
with the Vices and
Follies of Mankind,
ought to give some
Proofs of his Judg-
ment in order to be
thought qualify'd for a Censor: I
have but one to offer, which is my
Choice of a Patron; for I think the
World must agree with me, that no
one can be so properly the Protec-
tor of a Satyrift, as the Man whose
Life and Actions have nothing to
apprehend from such Writings.

It is very fortunate, my Lord, to
be able to enumerate a long Train
of Ancestors; but to have equal'd
the best, and excell'd the most of
them, is to have no Occasion for
A 2 any..

DEDICATION.

any. This is your Lordship's Case; no one that has the Honour to know you, will enquire for your Progenitors; while such as have the Misfortune to be Strangers to your Person, must have their Curiosity sufficiently rais'd by the Character of your Family.

My Lord, I will borrow a Complement from Mr. *Dryden*; he made it to the late Earl of *Dorset*; I forget his Words, but his Thought was to this Purpose; I congratulate myself for being the first that in this Way has paid Homage to the Rising of that Glory, whose Meridian Splendor shall be the Subject and Delight of better Pens. I am,

My L O R D,

Your Lordship's

Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The HUMOURIST.

ADVERTISEMENT.



THE Success of the first Volume encouraged the Bookseller to collect the following Essays, and form them into a second.

He apprehends they will not be liable to any Objection, which lay not against the first Volume; that the Character of the Author, so often different from itself, will give the Work a graceful Variety; and as the following Tracts were written at several Times, and upon several Occasions, he hopes the great Choice of Subjects, and the different Manner of treating them, will be one Advantage, among many others, which this Volume has over the first.

All

ADVERTISEMENT.

All which he humbly submits to the judicious Reader, and hopes to find his Candour proportionable to his Understanding and Judgment; which last Rule, when put into the Hands of a Man of Sense, he is content to stand or fall by.

Several Errors may have escaped the Press, but the following are the most notorious that have occurred to the Publisher.

PAge 31. l. 22. dele *maintain*. P. 107. l. 28. for 6563, read 1653. P. 111. l. ult. for *and r. am.* P. 120. l. 8. for *Puppet* r. *Puppets*. P. 145. l. 1. for *Faults* r. *Fault*. P. 152. for *Diversions* r. *Divisions*. P. 182. l. 7. for *Nisce* r. *Nosce*. P. 194. l. 9. for *Origer* r. *Origen*. P. 239. l. 5. for *or* r. *of*.

THE

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Of News-Writers.



Have ever had a great Respect for the most ingenious, as well as most populous Society within the Liberties, namely, the Authors and Carvers of News; *generous Men!* who daily retail their Histories and their Parts by Pennyworths, and lodge *high*, and study nightly for the Instruction of such as have the Christian Charity. to lay out a few Farthings for these their Labours, which, like Rain, descend from the *Clouds*, for the Benefit of the *lower* World.

I would not, like some other Authors, detract from the *known* Worth of their Productions: Heaven forbid I should be the cruel Instrument of hindering them from recruiting their *Genius* (often jaded by Study and *great Abstinence*) at the Three-penny Ordinary, where I humbly hope, though unworthy, to have shortly a Vote and a Mouthful amongst them. But being my self, also, a publick-spirited

B

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Person, I must beg Leave, in this Essay, to deviate from the Example of these my learned Brethren, by making my Reader both merry and wise, since I hope to find him both courteous and bountiful.

As *many* of our Papers are charg'd with some small Faults, I will make bold to mention a few of them, and they are chiefly these; *Tediousness*, *Uncertainty*, *Tautology*, and *Trifling*.

As to Tediousness, it is, I doubt, a Fault committed by our discerning Writers, out of pure Policy. A grave Citizen, who takes up a Paper meerly to exercise his Spectacles and his Chaps, considers and values nothing so much as Length. We have a particular Author, who is now and then so voluminous, that the Redundancy of his Matter invades the native Seats of the Advertisements, and forcibly elbows them out of their rightful Habitations. When this happens, he is the Minion of the Coffee-House, and tyrannizes over his narrow-skirted Companions of the Day.

THE same Reason may perhaps be an Excuse for Repetition and Tautology. But the endless Doubts and Uncertainties in our Papers, are a Sort of *Fanaticks*, to whom I will not allow a *Toleration*.

I was one Day sitting at the *Grecian*, and listening to a sober Tobacconist, while he read the News. In one Article it was *asserted*, that the Negotiations between the *Czar* and the *King of Sweden* were *certainly* concluded,

cluded, but that it wanted *Confirmation*. In another Article it was *positively* said, that the same Negotiations were broken off; but that, too, wanted *Confirmation*. — How! says the Tobacconist, (with great Judgment) *If we must neither credit true Report, nor false Report, why, there's an End of all Report.* And though he scratched his Head, and looked cunning for a Quarter of an Hour afterwards, I perceived he went away in great Doubt and Darknes. It was observed of the Tobacconist, that, after this Puzzle, he could not endure the Sight of a News-Paper, nor the Steam of Coffee, in three Days running, but, to the Surprise of all the World, staid in his Shop all that while.

WE often catch an Author fighting Battles, and unfighting them in the same Paper. The mention of Cannon and Gun-powder sets his daring Heart on Fire, and he seems even fonder of dipping his Pen in Blood than in Ink.

My Fellow-Authors are all Men of martial Spirits, and have an ungovernable Appetite for Blood and Mortality. As if they were the Sextons of the Camp, and their Papers the Charnel-Houses, they toll Thousands, daily to their long Home; a charitable Office! but they are paid for it.

It is owned these weekly Statesmen can, with a Dash of their Art, recall the Slain to Life again, and make ten thousand mangled and breathless Grenadiers gather up their Carcasses and their Muskets, and fight as despe-

ately as if they never had been dead ; nay, it is likely these very *new-liv'd Heroes* may send as many of the other Side into Eternity, who yet may be well, and in good Health, in the next News-Paper.

ONE would think, that these Secretaries and Comptrollers of Life and Death, meant no more by dispatching twenty or thirty Regiments into the other World, than to relieve the Guard *there*, and, when they have *done Duty*, to fetch them back again.

AND as to the filling the Papers with Trifles, and Things of no Significancy, the Instances of it are obvious and numerous. The *French King's* losing a *rotten Tooth*, and the Surgeon's Fee thereupon ; a Duke's taking Physick, and a Magistrate's swearing a small Oath, and a poor Thief's ravishing a Knap sack, have all, in their Turns, furnished out deep Matter for Wit and Eloquence to these vigilant Writers, who hawk for Adventures. A Man of Quality cannot steal out of Town for a Day or two, or return to it, without the Attendance of a Coach and six Horses, and a News-Writer, who makes the important Secret the Burden of his Paper next Day. I have observed, that if a Man be but great or rich, the most wretched Occasion entitles him to fill a long Paragraph in Print : The cutting of his Corns for the Purpose, or his playing at *Ombre*, never fails to merit Publication. Now, if my *most diligent* Brother-Writers, who are Spies upon the Actions and Close-stools of the Great, would

would go a little farther, and tell us, *when his Grace or his Lordship went to Bed to his Lady, or broke his Custom by keeping his Word, or said a witty Thing, or did a generous one, we will freely own they tell us some News, and will thank them for our Pleasure and our Surprise.*

It is with Concern, I see, that even the *Privacies* of the poor Ladies cannot escape the Eyes of these publick Searchers. How many great Ladies do they bring to Bed every Day of their Lives? for, poor Madam no sooner begins to make Faces, and utter the least Groan, but instantly an Author stands with his Pen in his Teeth, ready to hold her Back, and to tell the Town whether the Baby is Boy or Girl, before the Midwife has pulled off her Spectacles, and described its *Nose*.

AND for Deaths and Burials, our Writers smell them out as successfully as Ravens or Undertakers. And then Mankind must be instructed in the Life and Circumstances of every honest dull Fellow, who perhaps never made the least Noise till he was dead, and is not lamented by any Creature, but a News-Paper and a Passing-Bell.





Of Enthusiasm.



IF all Sorts of Madness, a religious Delirium is that which, in my Opinion, calls for the most Pity. When the Impulses of Ambition or Avarice, or the Whims of Pride and Vanity, divorce a Man from his Understanding, our Contempt is apt to mar our Compassion, and we are inclinable to think *Bedlam* is a proper Portion for him; or, if he would rather, a *proper Palace*. But a poor Creature that breaks his Brains by straining for Extasy, and catches Distraction while he leaps at Inspiration, is a genuine Object of our Humanity and Concern. Such a Man's Imagination is a Hell to him, as well as a Paradise, and his Tortures are as violent as his Raptures, at different Moments.

IT cannot therefore be an unacceptable Office to prevent the spreading of this moping Malady, by shewing its Deformity; in order to which, I will present my Reader with an Account of a brace of *French Prophets*, as they are usually called, who were the living Monuments of Enthusiasm, which
led

led them a Dance from *London* to the Downs near *Salisbury*, there to worship, as they said, by the Appointment of the Spirit, for the Space of seven Days, and so many Nights, near two Years ago.

THEIR Provisions consisted of Bisket, Honey, Raisins, and some strong Waters. With this Design, and this Provender, they betook themselves to Prayer and the Desert.

WHILE they were in it, they were daily visited from all Quarters, and continually surrounded with Flocks of Gazers and of Sheep. Some went for Information, and some for Mirth; but it was a dull and ignorant Spirit, and gave neither Satisfaction to the Inquisitive, nor Diversion to the Merry.

ONLY one of the Brethren was inspired; the other had not then had any Impulse, though, by his own Confession, he had gaped and prayed seven Years for the Spirit, and served a long Apprenticeship to *the Art of Trembling*. But he waited with great Faith and Patience for the happy Hour (as the Midwives call it) of being delivered of a Revelation or two. In the mean Time, he professed himself much edified to see *the Preacher* shake his Ears, make wry Faces, and utter Oracles. And the *Preacher*, on his Part, declared, that he felt wondrous Joys and Raptures, which, he said, no body else could feel, in these his holy Shiverings, when the Spirit took him by the Throat, and shook his Bones, and tossed him, as it were, in a Blanket.

IF you asked him the Drift and Meaning of this new Sect, he answered, *All Men have corrupted their Ways.* When it was demanded of him, why he called what he uttered by the Name of *Prophecy*? says he, *They are Words of the Spirit.* If you enquired how he knew he was inspired, he replied, *The young Men shall see Visions, and the old Men shall dream Dreams,* and to prove it, quoted Chapter and Verse.

THIS wretched Recital of Scripture, and worse Application, was all the Reply that could be drawn from him. If you wanted a rational Scheme of his Principles, he was your humble Servant; his Divinity scorned the Aid of Sense and Reason. He was sure he was in the right, and to convince you of it, would produce a Text that perhaps called him a Liar.

WHEN Princes and States fall a Disputing, they argue from the Mouths of their great Guns, and silence their Antagonists with a Syllogism or two of Gun-Powder. And thus our Prophet stopped your Mouth, by ramming the Spirit down your Throat, and knocked you down with a Volley of Scripture.

SOME made it a Question whether these godly Strollers played the Madmen with Design, or were only the Slaves of Delusion. Their frantick Actions, and wild Reasonings, argued their Brains to be out of Joint; but then their denouncing so many Woes against their Country, seemed to infer that there was some Roguery mixt with their Madness.

How-

However it be, it is our Comfort that Almighty Anger is not obliged to turn Lacquey, and be at the Call of *Enthusiasts* and *Splene-ticks*.

WHATEVER was their Aim, the poor Devils acted as if they had been very much in earnest. They had little Cloaths, and no Favour at all from the Weather, which was very cold and rainy. At Nights, indeed, by the Permission of the Spirit and a Farmer, they had the Shelter of a Barn; but still they wanted Fire and a Bed.

THE Severity of the Air had so withered and bewitched their Countenances, that they look'd more like Inhabitants of the *lower World*, than Messengers of the *upper*. Never were there truer Pictures of Stupidity, Hunger, and Mortality. I dare say, would they own the Truth, they were Heart-sick of cold Weather and Worship.

THEY were both from *London*; the dumb Prophet is a Porter, and the Speaker a Taylor. This ninth Part of a Prophet went towards *Bath*, resolving to labour on Cloth and Canvas, 'till the Spirit gave him t'other Summons, and found him a new Job of Journey-Work; whether his Familiar has been since with him, or his holy Ague returned upon him, I cannot say.

WHO does not see in this Account, the Misery of the Man who has Enthusiasm for his Master?

*Vain Man, as if too little Cares were given
On Earth, draws down Disquietudes from
Heaven.*
Flatman.

BUT not to insist on the Agonies and Vassalage it leads one into, it brings Destruction and Deformity on the two most beautiful and most valuable Things in the World, *Religion and human Understanding* : It loses or confounds the Idea of God Almighty, by rendering him either monstrously terrible, or meanly familiar ; and makes the Worship of him equally unlike and inconsistent, by placing it either in painful Distortions of the Mind, or in a blasphemous Intimacy, in talking to him, and expostulating with him ; as if a miserable Mortal were to be the Companion and Counsellor of the Omnipotent.

AND though a reasonable Mind is, next to God, the greatest Good of a human Creature, it is, in the Case before us, utterly useless and contemptible ; its Room is filled, and its Office supplied by spiritual Fancies and chimerical Inspiration ; and, in the Eye of Enthusiasm, a Man is never a good Christian 'till he ceases to be a reasonable Creature.

I take it to be a very great Truth, that, as the Almighty certainly gave us our Understanding for *some* End, we cannot make a better Use of it, than about Things which are spiritual and eternal. Methinks there is something of *Logick* in it, that the *noblest*
Endow-

Endowment should be employed about the noblest Objects. As all Religion implies a Choice, there can be none where Reason is not consulted; and I take it for granted, there is a Concurrence of the Faculties in the Operation of the Spirit upon our Souls.

LET this serve to shew, that Religion and Reason are, and ought to be, good Friends; but that Enthusiasm is an Enemy to both. *A mad Man may mean well, but a rational Man acts better; and therefore the Affection of the Heart should follow the Conviction of the Understanding.* Fancy, compared with Judgment, is a light and despicable Thing.





Of the Spleen.



Y last Discourse treated of Enthusiasm, and I intend this for an Essay upon the Spleen. As I frequently feel it my self, I am the fitter to describe it to others. I know several excellent Pens have been employed on the same Subject; but as I do not remember one Word which they have said upon it, my manner of handling it, will, perhaps, appear as new to others as it does to my self.

THE Spleen is a tyrannical Distemper, which, in Defiance of Reason, rules us by Fancy; for it is evident, that though the painful Folly of this Perturbation of Mind be obvious to common Sense, yet the greatest Sense cannot cure it. It makes us sick without Disease, and angry without Provocation; we feel Tortures where there is no Pain, and see Terrors where there is no Danger. To pretend to remove it by Argument and
Consi-

Consideration, is, by the Remedy, to increase the Disease; it is fed by Reflection, and serious Thoughts are Fuel to it. It is therefore to Reason, what the Gout is to Physicians, the Bane and Disgrace of it.

WHEN one is under the strong Influence of this Malady, I know not whether a rigorous Application to Religion be advisable; since it is the Nature of it to fill the Head with Fanaticism, or the Mind with Despair; for, as I believe the Spleen will, upon fair Tryal, be found answerable for most of the Self-Murders that have been committed, so I doubt not, but all devotional Ravings, wild Visions, and idle Prophecies, may be honestly laid to the same Parent. How many Tomes of Divinity have been begot by the Vapours? Such Systems are the gloomy Dreams of melancholy Monks, who cloath Religion with the Blackness, Giddiness, and Anguish of their own solitary Spirits.

IN Constitutions where this humorous Distemper prevails, it is surprising how trifling a Matter will inflame it. I have known a Gentleman of the finest Understanding more disturbed at the killing of a Spider, than he would have been at the Death of a Coach-Horse. There was a melancholy old Fellow in *Somersetshire*, who being a great Smoker, had set his Heart so much upon Tobacco-pipes, that to have broken one in his Presence, would certainly have cost you a broken Head. He is said to have consulted a Civilian whether he could not be divorced

vorced from his Wife, because she had been
 the Death of half a Dozen of these his be-
 loved Tubes, by sitting down upon them. And
 I could likewise mention a Professor of Ma-
 thematicks in a certain University, who, by
 the long Study of Sounds, came to fancy him-
 self a Bell, and claiming Kindred of all brass
 Pots and Kettles, struck three of his Maid's
 Teeth down her Throat, for laming a little
 swarthy Cousin of his, called a *Sawce-Pan*.
 I shall never forget an ingenious Doctor of
 Physick, who was so jealous of the Honour of
 his Whiskers, which he was pleased to christen,
The Emblems of his Virility, that he resolute-
 ly made the Sun shine through every unhappy
 Cat that ill Fate threw in his Way. He mag-
 nanimously professed that his Spirit could not
 brook it, that any Cat in Christendom, noble
 or ignoble, should rival the Reputation of his
 Upper Lip. — In every other Respect our
 Physician was a well-bred Person, and which
 is as wonderful, *understood Latin*. But we see
 the *deepest Learning* is no Charm against the
 Spleen.

As the Ladies rival us Men in most
 Things, and outshine us in all Things, they
 have run away with an elder Brother's Part,
 even of the Spleen. It seems to have taken
 a Liking to their Constitutions, and even
 kills them with its Company and Kindness:
 For this Harpy has a nice Stomach, and loves
 to prey upon Female Flesh. It is therefore
 no Wonder that so many of 'em look wan and
 withered, when they are forced to give Suck
 and

and Nourishment to a Glutton, that is ever feeding, but never full.

BUT they bear this Distemper, not only with Contentment but Triumph, for *it is the Mode*; and a hoop'd Petticoat, *a Monkey, and a pretty Fellow*, are not more fashionable. There's the swimming Mrs. *Armful* in *Cheapside*, who has Cheeks like a Pair of Globes, and eats two Pound of Pudding at a Meal, besides Roast Beef and Custard, and yet is so bewitched with an unnatural Love of the Spleen, that neither her Bulk nor her Stomach can shame her out of it. It is not much otherwise with Miss *Biddy*, her Daughter, who romps, and laughs, and leaps over Stools, and then cries, *Oh, the Vapours!* I freely grant there are many fashionable Females, who need not be at the least Pains to convince us, that they are troubled with Spleen and Peevishness, or, if they please, with the *Vapours*. That modish Merchant's Wife near *Crutchet-Fryars*, must have been over Head and Ears in the Fashion, who going one Morning to Church, and perceiving a Drop at the poor Reader's Nose, went Home and miscarried, and never went to Church since. My Lady *Pepper* is a very fond Wife, but very apt not to sleep at Nights, and to wonder that Sir *Thomas* will not keep himself awake, *and divert her*; but Sir *Thomas* is not always *in the Humour*: However, Madam never fails by several *Arts and Motions* to interrupt his Quiet and Snoring. The Knight being in Years, loves *Rest*
 & better

better than he should do ; and, to obtain it, is grown cunning and spiteful ; for, when he would avoid these *nocturnal Hints and Persecutions*, he always picks a Quarrel with my Lady's Parrot ; and one cross Word to that favourite Fowl, is sure to entitle him to sleep in *Laziness* and Security for a Fortnight together. In the beginning of *May* last, the politick old Fellow had a Mind to live a single Life for some Time, and, to procure it, told Madam, one Day, as she was discoursing to Poll, *Damn your Parrot, he's as hoarse as a Raven* : It was enough !——

The Baronet had his Bed to himself all Summer long : But I am told that he had the Goodness in the *Dog-Days*, to be Friends with his Wife and the Parrot. Who does not Pity the gentle Countess of *Startwell* ? By the tragical shutting of a Door her Monkey lost a Joint of his Tail, and she an Heir to the Earl's Estate.

So easy it is to put these puny Creatures into the Spleen, that is, into the Fashion : I am apt to think, their Husbands and their Servants, would pass their Time of Vassalage with much more Peace and Resignation, if these thorough-bred Ladies were not quite so *Modish*.

If I may speak of my self towards the Rear of my Paper, I must own, that as good a natured civil Person as I am, the Spleen is now and then too hard for me : Nothing is so apt to fling me into it, as harsh Noises and uncouth Sounds ; a Sow-gelder's Horn,

or

or a Poet's repeating his own Verses, never misses to set my Spirit and my Teeth on Edge. Let this warn a little Gentleman with a great Voice, who generally stands with his Back to the Fire in a great Coffee-House near the *Temple*, not to pour any more of his Poetry into my Ear ; for it always turns my Stomach, and puts me into a most perverse Humour ; I know he cannot help it, for by long Observation I find, that as soon as the Heat of a good Coal-Fire *inspires his Posteriors*, his Wit and Verses rise forcibly *from below*, and bubble in great Profusion out at his Mouth.

To conclude with a piece of Advice and a Moral, I cannot but think it opposite to good Nature to be angry at a Splenetick : His Reason is suspended by his Distemper ; and while he bites his Lips and Nails, he punishes himself upon himself.





Of a Country Entertainment.



AM led by the Regard which I bear to the Ladies and the *Christ-mas*-Holidays, to divert my Readers with the History of an Entertainment, where I made one, at the House of a Country Squire, this Time Twelve-month.

WHEN I went in, I found the Dining-Room full of Ladies, to every one of whom I made a profound Bow, and was repaid in a whole Circle of Courtesies; but whether out of Respect to my Person or my Lac'd Hat, I cannot say. Having, after some Ceremony, taken a Seat amongst them, we had profound Silence for near half a Minute, notwithstanding the Number of Ladies present. For my Part, I had fixed my Eyes upon the Fire, meditating with my self what I had best to say. While I was in this Study, I could hear one of them whisper to another, *I believe he thinks we smoke Tobacco*; for, my Reader
must

must know, I had omitted the Country Fashion, and not kiss'd one of them.

At last, says one of them to me, *Sir, it is very fine Weather. Mighty fine Weather, Madam*, says I to her again. Says another, *Dr. Partridge has guessed well this Bout. Hang Dr. Partridge*, cries a little smart Widow in the Company, *he has prophesied the Downfal of the poor Pope I know not how often; but, God be thanked, ——— Marry hang the Pope*, replies a jolly red-faced Woman, with a great Wart upon her Nose, *the Pope! Heaven keep us from that filthy Fellow, and all his Family. Did you never read of that Popish Heathen Queen Mary, how she made Bonfires of all the poor Folk that would not go to her bloody Mass, and fall down on their Knees to a Piece of rotten Wood? No, no, any Thing but the Pope as you love me: Boy, give me a Glass of Wine, and fill it up, for I am dry with Talking. Aye, aye, quoth one that had not spoke before, the Pope is a hopeful one, you may read enough of him and his Harlots in the Revelations. ———* She was just going to tell us the Chapter and Verse, when up came a Fellow groaning under a great Chine of Bacon, and an over-grown two Year old Turkey, which put an end to this edifying Dialogue.

At Dinner we had many Excuses from the Lady of the House *for our indifferent Fare*, and she had as many Declarations from us, her Guests, that *all was very good*. And the Squire

Squire gave us the History and Extraſtion of every Fowl that came to the Table: He aſſured us, that his Poultry had neither Kindred nor Allies any where on this Side the Channel, except in his own Backſide.

As ſoon as we were riſen from Table, our great Parliament of Females preſently reſolved themſelves into Committees of Twos and Threes all over the Dining-Room; and I perceived that every Party was upon a different Subject.

IN one Corner there was a learned Gentlewoman, who talked much of Steel-Waters, and I think ſhe ſaid ſomething about opening a Vein in the Ankle. Upon caſting my Eyes that Way, I ſaw a pale-faced Girl of eighteen liſt'ning to her with great Attention.

ANOTHER Knot of them were lamenting, in their Way, an unhappy young Woman, whoſe Name I could not hear: *Poor unfortunate Wretch*, cries one, *ſhe fainted away at Church laſt Sunday.* *Aye*, ſays a ſecond, *and well ſhe might, ſhe girds her ſelf ſo ſtrait in her Stays.* And yet, answers a third, *ſhe can't hide it neither.* *Hide it*, ſays a fourth, *that's impoſſible; why, ſhe has been Squeamiſh this Quarter's Year, and fainted the other Day at the Sight of a Lobſter.* And yet, let me tell you, ſays the firſt, *they ſay he wont marry her after all.* Much more was ſaid on this Affair; but all the four happening to talk at the ſame Time, I could not, in that Confuſion of Tongues, diſtinguiſh any other Particulars.

A Cabal under the Window seemed to be more secret than all the rest, and from them I could only bring away the following Whisper—*'Tis certainly so; he was seen come out of her Window at two in the Morning, and in half an Hour her Husband came Home: But Murder will out one Time or other.*

A Detachment of the Sex, that besieged the Fire, were exceeding severe upon one Mrs. Bulkey, who had not one Advocate among them: Every Limb, every Feature of her was faulty; she had nothing about her that was not monstrous and frightful. *She, a Coach!* cry'd Mrs. Meagre, *a Lumber Cart is fitter for the great Mortar-Piece;* and to this they all agreed. By which I perceived that this same Coach was the great Grievance and Offence, and added extremely to the poor Gentlewoman's Deformity. *I saw,* continued Mrs. Meagre, *the great greasy Thing the other Night at a Christ'ning in the Close! — but such a tawdry unweildy Porpoise! well! She had on Bridles as clumsy as Cable-Ropes, and they stood staring half a Mile from her Chaps, as if they had been afraid of her fiery Nose: And then that oily Face of hers! — it shined with its own native Liquor like a new-opened Oyster; but I'll swear it did not smell half so sweet: And yet, says another, her Husband is extremely fond of her. — Civil to her, you mean, says the next, I suppose he puts her Head in a Pillow-Bear. At which they all sneered.*

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BEING naturally tender-hearted, I could hear no more of this unmerciful Treatment of poor Mrs. Bulkey, and therefore stole towards a Cluster of Wives, who, I observed, were calling for a Bible to decide a Dispute they had entred into, *whether Minc'd-Pies or Plumb-Porridge were the properest Food on Christmas-Day.* A devout old Lady argued against Plumb-Porridge, *which being a kind of Broth or Jelly, was, she said, a carnal Repast, apt to stir up Concupiscence and ill Thoughts, and consequently unfit for that holy Time.* You cannot imagine, with what Warmth this abstemious old Woman was answered by a Couple of Ladies thirty Years younger than herself. *What! cry'd they, an unfit Repast for that holy Time! Why, 'tis a Festival Time, in which we ought to be merry our selves, and endeavour to make those who belong to us so: For my Part, said one of them, I hope to go to Bed with a chearful and willing Heart every Night in the Holy-days, and I hope the same of Mr. ——— here she named her Husband.* The old Woman smiled, and shaking her Head and sighing, as if Age had been her greatest Grief, was falling into a Discourse about Husbands, Capons, and Marrow-Bones; but, to my great Sorrow, a Call to the Tea-Table put a Stop to this delightful Controversy.

THEY went into one Parlour to their Tea, and we Men into another to our Bottle; over which I was entertained with many ingenious Remarks on the Price of Barley, on Dairies,

Dairies, and the Sheepfold. But as the most engaging Conversation is, when too long; sometimes cloying, having smoak'd my Pipe in due Silence and Attention, I took a Trip to the Ladies, who had sent to know whether I would drink some Tea. Before I enter'd their Door, I halted a little, to know what they were upon; and, to my Surprise, heard them mention my self. They said I was a meer Mum-chance, for that I had not spoke six Words since I came in. I would have evesdropp'd them a while longer, but that I was jealous they might call in Question my other Abilities, as well as that of Speaking, so in I bolted. When I made my Entrance, the Topick they were on was Religion; in their Sentiments about which they were terribly divided, and debated with such Agitation and Fervour, that I grew in Pain for the *China* Cups. But they happily departed from this warm Point, and unanimously fell a backbiting their Neighbours, which instantly qualify'd all their Heat, and heartily reconciled them to one another, insomuch, that all the Time the Business of Scandal was handling, there was not one dissenting Voice to be heard in the whole Assembly.

By this Time the Musick was come, and happy was the Woman that could first wipe her Mouth, and be soonest upon her Legs. In the Dance some moved very becomingly, but the Majority made such a Rattle on the Boards, as quite drown'd the Musick. This made me call to Mind your mettlesome Horses,
that

that dance on a Pavement to the Musick of their own Heels.

WE had among us the Squire's eldest Son, a Batchelor and Captain of the Militia. This honest Gentleman believing, as one would imagine, that good Humour and Wit did consist in Activity of Body and Thickness of Bone, was resolved to be very witty, that's to say, very strong; he therefore not only threw down most of the Women, and with abundance of Wit hawled them round the Room, but gave us several farther Proofs of the Sprightliness of his Genius, by a great many Leaps he made about a Yard high, always remembering to fall on somebody's Toes. This ingenious Fancy was applauded by every one, except the Person that felt it, who never happened to have Complaisance enough to fall in with the general Laugh that was raised on that Occasion. For my own Part, who am an occasional Conformer to common Custom, I was ashamed to be singular, so I e'en extended my Mouth into a Smile, and put my Face in a laughing Posture too. His Mother observing me to look pleased with her Son's Activity and gay Deportment, told me in my Ear, *he was never worse Company than I saw him*: To which I answered, *I vow, Madam, I believe you.*



Of Love.



O V E being a Thing which all People feel, most People talk of, and but few understand, I have chosen it for the Subject of my following Speculation: Nothing

shews the Dignity of it more, than that it has all the other Passions in avowed Subordination to it; Anger, Pity, Hope, and Terror, are all its humble Servants and Dependants: It sooths or inflames us at Pleasure, and we are gay or gloomy, just as the little blind Boy would have us: How many Shapes does he wear? Nothing is more solemn, nothing more whimsical: He makes the mad Man grave, and the sober Man mad: He brings Pride and Ambition to Humility and their Knees; and the Miser, when Love has once warm'd his Heart, unclincheth both his Fists, and throws away his Money in Handfuls. Sometimes it is rhetorical and ranting, sometimes bullying, and sometimes versifying; and, indeed, to own a Truth

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which cannot be hid, you may sometimes catch it drivelling.

The two following Letters will be sufficient Instances of the different Language which Love speaks out of different Mouths. The first is from a Wool-Stapler, the second from a Miller, to their distinct Mistresses.

Says the Wool-Stapler,

O rapturous Madam!

‘ **Y**OUR amorous Beauty and prudent De-
 ‘ portment has charmed my Heart to
 ‘ your Disposant; for like unto the shining Dia-
 ‘ monds that shineth in the Dark, even so, if I
 ‘ may speak it, doth your fair black Eyes sur-
 ‘ round and wound me with the soft Spark-
 ‘ lingness thereof: And I will make bold for
 ‘ to say, for all this, that your Merit and fair
 ‘ Shapes is more for to be understood, than
 ‘ for to be comprehended; and I will more-
 ‘ over say, for all this, I understand the Worth
 ‘ thereof again and again, and over and o-
 ‘ ver——

The rest I forget; but I remember it was all of a Piece. Now let us hear what the enamoured Miller has to say for himself.

‘ *Dear*

“ Dear DEBY,

“ D Earest of Women, I do love thee as I
 “ do my own Soul, and I will come
 “ and see thee a *Saturday*.

Your humble Friend,

GIBEON MILLSTONE.

Friend *Gibeon* is short and sensible, and kind
 into the Bargain; and I dare say his dear *Deby*
 was better pleased to see him than read him.

After these two Love-Epistles, I will en-
 tertain my Reader with a third, written with
 a very different Spirit; I know neither the Gen-
 tleman nor the Lady, but their Characters will
 appear pretty plain from the Letter it self. I
 believe there are not now-a-days very many
 such Love-Letters.

“ Y O U R Letter, Madam, came to me
 “ this Minute; its Prettiness and Pro-
 “ fessions charmed me; but the Conclusion of
 “ it would have both grieved and puzzled me,
 “ had it not been happily explained, and the Oc-
 “ casion of it, I hope, removed, before I re-
 “ ceived it.

“ Your Credulity, dear Creature, was as
 “ unkind as it was ill grounded; but, since
 “ you have promised me not to repeat it, I
 “ am not hard-hearted enough to upbraid you

‘ with a Fault, which, I dare say, you had no
 ‘ Pleasure in committing.

‘ I, on my Part, can, from a thorough
 ‘ Knowledge of my own Heart confidently
 ‘ undertake never to engage in any Cor-
 ‘ respondence which I will not readily sub-
 ‘ mit to your severest Examination and Cen-
 ‘ sure.

‘ BUT remember, my Dear, that, with-
 ‘ out the Aid of Omnipotence, I cannot
 ‘ prevent Falshood, nor stop the Mouth of
 ‘ Invention : You must therefore guard a-
 ‘ gainst Report, which is often but another
 ‘ Name for Forgery. A Fiction may be
 ‘ cloathed with Probability, and the Dis-
 ‘ guise of Truth become a Passport for a mis-
 ‘ chievous Lie. The grossest Story, when
 ‘ artificially cook’d by Cunning or Envy,
 ‘ may appear likely, and gain Belief. A
 ‘ seeming Reason is, ’till it be discovered,
 ‘ as powerful as a real One ; we therefore
 ‘ think we have, this Hour, good Cause to
 ‘ assent to a Thing, which, perhaps, the
 ‘ next Hour, we find better Cause to deny.
 ‘ We frequently believe our selves convinced,
 ‘ when we are only deluded. Plausibleness
 ‘ is taken for Truth, and Circumstances pass
 ‘ for Demonstration. Sometimes our Wills,
 ‘ sometimes our Fears, concur to make us
 ‘ credit a Thing which we wish, or a Thing
 ‘ which we dread. If the Calumny brings us
 ‘ Joy, we entertain it because it pleases us ;
 ‘ and if it brings Sorrow, what is more de-
 ‘ ceitful, what more persuasive than Melan-
 ‘ choly,

' choly, which paints all our Ideas like it self,
' black and mournful?

' Who then can discover the Guile and
' Slander of ill News, when Malice and Art
' have render'd them feasible, and our own
' Doubts or Desires join to carry on the
' Cheat?

' I have been long, perhaps to Tedioufness,
' upon this Head! but a tender Regard for
' your Ease has made me so. The bitterest
' Slander and blackest Insinuations can hurt me
' no otherwise than by affecting you. Let the
' Attempts which have been already made, arm
' you with Foresight and Resolution against
' those that may yet be made. I dread your
' Suffering on any Account, much more on
' mine. You have already, God knows, too
' many Evils to struggle with.

' How hard, dear Creature; does it seem,
' that so much Sense, Virtue, and Innocence,
' does not entitle you to an Exemption from
' Troubles and Disquiets, the proper Re-
' wards of Vice and Folly? That your gen-
' tle Temper and delicate Mind should be
' ever disturbed or offended with any thing
' harsh or grievous? But it is necessary, that
' even the most guiltless Lives should be
' chequer'd with Evils and Disappointments,
' lest an uninterrupted Flux of Delights *here*
' might make us forget our Original, and tempt
' us to wish for an everlasting Stay in a *World*,
' which is by no Means worthy of Immor-
' tality.

‘ Afflictions are therefore Admonitions to us,
 ‘ to fetch our Pleasures rather from the Hopes
 ‘ of another Life, than from the lame and un-
 ‘ satisfying Enjoyments of *this*.

‘ Not but there are in the World Delights
 ‘ both real and exquisite; such hath your Love-
 ‘ liness and Conversation ever administred to
 ‘ my Eyes and my Heart: Do not injure this
 ‘ Truth by a Suspicion of Flattery; Madam,
 ‘ I cannot flatter you! When I have said all
 ‘ that I can say, how many Things do still re-
 ‘ main that I would say? All the Wits amongst
 ‘ Men, and all the Beauties amongst Women,
 ‘ with all the Musick of *Italy*, want Charms to
 ‘ with-hold me but for a Moment from your
 ‘ more ravishing Company, when it is acces-
 ‘ sible.

*Blest as th’ immortal Gods is he,
 The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And bears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak, and gently smile.
 ’Twas this depriv’d my Soul of Rest,
 And rais’d such Tumults in my Breast.*

‘ How *à propos* are those Lines to you and to
 ‘ me! They ought to have been my own.

‘ To any one but your self, the Stile of this
 ‘ Letter might, and perhaps iustly, appear
 ‘ too grave and devotional: It is, I am sure,
 ‘ far removed from the common Method
 ‘ of entertaining fine Ladies. But even you
 ‘ your self will, I am afraid, think me as
 ‘ impertinent as I am uncourtly, in the men-
 ‘ tion

' tion I am going to make of old Age to a
 ' Lady in the full Bloom of her Life and
 ' Charms. But you, of all the Women I ever
 ' knew, may look towards that State with the
 ' least Dread and Anxiety. Time may, per-
 ' haps, forty Years hence, begin to draw the
 ' Characters of himself on your Face; but,
 ' dear, happy Madam, you have a Mind inca-
 ' pable of Wrinkles and Decay; your Know-
 ' ledge will then be improved, your Acts of
 ' Virtue multiplied, and the Reward of your
 ' Innocence and Piety will be nearer to your
 ' View and your Possession. You will have
 ' no painful, no shameful Reflections, arising
 ' from the past Passages of an immoral or an
 ' imprudent Life. How little frightful must
 ' old Age and the approach of Death appear
 ' to *such a one*!

' In the mean Time, while you are a young
 ' Lady, live like one; let your Heart be gay,
 ' and your Dress, as it always is, elegant. De-
 ' spise the Disrespect of those, who, through
 ' Ignorance of your Worth, give you ill U-
 ' sage; and learn to overcome Afflictions by
 ' the Hopes of getting out of them; this is a
 ' Way to be too hard for ill Fortune it self.
 ' Lastly, dear Madam, ever remember, with
 ' your wonted Kindness,

Yours, &c.



The History of Miss Manage.



FOR the Sake of such of my kind Readers as love to be frighten'd, I intend, in this Essay, to tell them a Tale of Spirits and Apparitions. I am assured it must needs please the Ladies, because they will find in it both Ghosts and Gallantries. The Story is Outlandish, but I shall make it speak plain *English*, and fit some Folks at Home.

The right honourable *Andrew Lord Title* has loved many Women, but cared for very few: They charm him while they neglect or despise him; but when they please him, he cannot abide them. By denying him every Thing, they may command all he has; but if he finds them grateful, he never sees them more. But with all this Fickleness, and Oddness of Humour and Practice, *Miss Manage* found a Way to make this *Wanton* turn Renegade from his own Character, and to fix him with real Constancy to her *uncommon Enchantment*, to which he became a daily Bigot;

Bigot ; and yet Miss ordered her Affairs so artfully, that it was a Secret to the old Woman that her Daughter had ever seen my Lord *Title*. This virtuous old Lady knew, by Experience, how dangerous it was for a pretty Girl to breed before she was betroth'd, and therefore had a Hawk's Eye upon Miss, in whom she saw her self at eighteen : But Miss threw Devotion in her Mamma's Eyes, and grew godly to grow lewd : She read good Books, and set her very Heart upon *Thomas a Kempis*, and her Eyes were perpetually nail'd either to a Manual or the Cieling. The old Woman thus chearfully deluded, approved and permitted her Daughter's Choice of long and frequent Retirements, the Hours in which Miss pray'd and intrigu'd without ceasing.

IN the Summer Season Miss lives with her Mother at her Country Seat, in a pleasant Solitude near the *Thames*. Here Lord *Title's* Visits are less frequent or less certain, because of the Distance of his Abode, and, consequently, one would think Miss might reasonably drop some Part of her great Devotion, and grow more sociable and less pious. But we are mistaken if we think so ; for the poor godly Girl is forced even to redouble her spiritual Pains in the Country, having now two Objects of Worship to resign her self up to. To explain this to my Readers, I must tell them, that *Jack Boniface* and Miss had taken a sudden Acquaintance, and a sudden Liking to each other, and *Jack* was presently

sently admitted a Sharer of her Person and her Prayer-time: So that between Lord *Title* and *Jack*, this unweary'd Virgin was obliged to be either in her Closet or Bed, Morning, Noon, and Night; for *Jack* was young, and so was my Lord, and Miss younger than either of them, as well as more watchful and diligent. In short, one of them had no Reason to complain of Miss's Bounty to the other; notwithstanding that they thus divided her between them, each believed he had her all to himself, so cunningly did she conduct her Intrigues, and hide the Rivals from one another.

ABOUT this Time, Sir *Smart*, a *Yorkshire* Knight, saw Miss, and loved her, and being a Man of a sly *Jockeying* Genius, resolved to have some Sport with her. But Miss had already Business enough upon her Hands, and all his Efforts to increase it were vain, if she was not unwilling, she was at least fearful, and Sir *Smart* was repulsed, though not abash'd. He suspected the Truth, and fancied somebody was beforehand with him; this happy Man, whom his Imagination and Jealousy had very reasonably created, stuck in his Gizzard, and he grew impatient who it should be. He set Spies upon every Avenue to the House where Miss *Manage* lived; every Hedge about it was lined with his Creatures, and her Coach could not stir, but a Dragon of Sir *Smart's* had his Eye upon it. So much Vigilance and Evef-dropping, you may be sure, was not all lost; *Robin Hoof*, Sir *Smart's* Groom,

Groom, a wily Fellow, that understood Horses and other Things too, plyed the Garden and the Windows with such Diligence and Secrecy, that he made a Discovery which disclosed all. About three in the Morning, while *Robin* sat in an Arbour, ogling the Window that he most suspected, he saw the Sash creep up, and out of it issued a white Streamer, or, in *Robin's* plain Language, a white Sheet, by which came presently gliding down a good sized Animal in *Robin's* own Shape, with a dun Frock and a freckled Perriwig, and other Accoutrements, which made *Robin* conclude him a Retainer to the Commonwealth of Lacqueys; nor did his coming out of a Lady's Bed-Chamber seem the least Contradiction to it; *but, says Robin, as soon as I heard him swearing to himself and taking Snuff, I knew him to be a Man of Quality.*

This Person, when he had taken his Pinch, and damned himself for a lucky Dog, about a dozen Times, went towards the Garden-Door, and, pulling the Porter out of his Pocket, found a present Passage, while *Robin*, was forced to climb over the Wall. *Robin*, upon his Tiptoes, followed his Guide over two or three Fields, and then they came into the Road, where a Man and two Horses were in waiting. This Sight gave *Robin* Despair, as likely to be distanc'd and thrown out of the Chace; but he was quickly relieved in his Mind, when he heard—— *Will, let us haste to Town; I'll go to Bed at the Bagnio*
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at *St. James's-Street*—— Yes, my Lord; and in a Minute they were out of Sight.

Robin now thought his Discovery in a thriving Posture, and trotted away to *London* with great Alacrity of Heart: By twelve he was at the *Bagnio*, and told the Servant there in an artful Rusticity of Tone, that there was a fine Man in that House whom he must speak with: *He is called Lord Somebody*, says *Robin*, but I forget —— *My Master sent me up to this brave Town wi' a fine Horse that he means to give to this same Lord What d' ye call. My Lord Title*, answered the Servant, *he's not up yet, but in two Hours he'll be stirring, and then you may call again.* *Robin*, after having informed himself whether all the Folks they called Lords lay so long a Bed in the Morning, thanked him sturdily, and went off, stamping upon the Stones, as if he had that very Minute come from Plow.

ROBIN, flush'd with Success, was not long before he reached Home, where he laid before *Sir Smart* the prosperous Event of his Management, and how *Lord Title* was the Lord of *Miss Manage*. To which the Knight, *Death and Fire-balls*, that *Andrew! that elder Brother enjoy her! Gad spirit me, I'll make the Fool tell me with his own Mouth how he comes at her, and he shall pimp for me while I do the same.*

In this Temper, and with this Purpose, *Sir Smart* went to find *Lord Title*; and when he had found him out, and warmed him with half a Dozen Bumpers, he led him
into

into the mention of Gallantry and Intrigue ; and, to shew his Lordship a good Example, he entertained him with a great many Love-Stories of himself, which no Man breathing but my good Lord *Title* was to be trusted with, such mighty Secrets they were : And it is very true they were so, for the sly Urchin of a Knight invented them every one on that Occasion, and with tempting Lies brib'd his harmless Lordship into the Confession of real Truths.

ALL the while Sir *Smart* was recounting the Favours he had received from Ladies, my Lord *Title* was burning with Impatience to be enumerating his own Triumphs and Conquests that Way ; and when the politick Knight had put him into a fit Humour to babble out his very Heart, and all that was in it, he let him go on ; and the poor undesigning Lord told his Enemy all he wanted to know, and concealed nothing but his Mistress's Name, and Place of Abode, which the other knew before. In short, he acquainted him with the whole Method and Means by which he had Access to her every Night, and which the other practis'd the very Night following ; for by pursuing the Directions, and assuming the Disguise which his Lordship had given him, he, in a few Hours after, found himself in Miss *Manage's* Arms, who hugged the Knight and meant the Lord,

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WHEN Sir Smart thought he had secured Miss beyond Retreat, he discovered to her his own Happiness from her Mistake. When her first Surprise was over, she began to expostulate, but it is plain she spoke more Grief than she felt; for she continued and encouraged that Commerce too, as long as she could. But an unlucky Accident happened, which was in some Measure too hard for all her Art: All her three Sparks happened to meet one Night in the Gallery near her Apartment: They jostled, and grew jealous; but the Lord, as became him, run away for Fear, which, together with the Darkeness, did so blind him, that he fell over every Thing he met, and made a dismal Rumbling. The other two encountered and cuffed it out bravely, which likewise made no small Noise; while Miss herself, who guessed the Cause, and had a Mind to frighten them into more Prudence, added to the Uproar by horrid Shrieks of Devils and Thieves, and the like. The whole House was presently up, but the Disturbance was gone, and the Cause of it vanished, and all the Family took Miss's Word for it that it was a Ghost. Ay, says the old Woman weeping, *Satan owes my Child a Spite for her early Piety.*

To conclude; the whole Parish was raised, with the Parson at the Head of them, to lay the unruly Spirit which Miss has about her. And this Story is the second Part of the *Haunted House.*



Of Ambition and Pride.



THIS Speculation shall consist of some Thoughts and Remarks concerning Ambition and Pride, and the sundry Arts and Ways there are to gratify these lofty Passions. And, to shew my Readers what a candid and impartial Person I am, I will, in this Disquisition, begin with my self, by bringing my own Heart first to the Bar, and trying it without Favour or Affection. I am willing that Mankind should gather Wisdom from my Weakness; and in this I but follow the Stile and Steps of old *Mich. Montaigne*, who, in his Essays, tattled more about that queer Body and Mind of his, than about all the World beside; so much had he set his Heart upon himself.

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WHEN I was a Child, I took an ambitious Liking to a Scarlet Cloak with Gold Trimming, and wept most resolutely for the same, which was the only Means I could think of for coming at my Ends ; but my Mother counter-plotted me, and bribed away my Pride with a crooked Six-pence. And indeed, in those Days, I would have at any Time dropp'd my most tow'ring Aims for a Lump of Ginger-bread, or a Custard. A Gooseberry-Tart never failed to cure me of the most furious Fit of Ambition. I remember once, when I had thrown my self on the Ground, with an obstinate Intention to die outright, because my Father would not give me an Horse, to ride and manage as I pleased, and for which I thought my self fit, as being then full five Years old, a Slice of Jelly, with a few Pebbles, and fair Words, set me on my Legs again. And my Pride was then so very tractable, that I would have changed the highest Views I was capable of, for a Pair of white Gloves, and a handful of Cherries.

To draw a Moral from this, as we go along, I need only say, That *Pride makes us all Children, when it gets uppermost.* The Man of the World, the rich Man, who laboriously pursues Gain and Increase, seems to have no other, no higher Aim than Wealth ; and yet, when the Caprice of Ambition bites his Brain, one would think Money were the only Thing he despised : He gives 20000 *l.* for a *new Name*, and changes the frugal Citizen into that expensive Creature, called a Lord.

In the like Fashion, I had almost said Folly, I have known a great Man give away a Post of Honour and Profit, and think himself well rewarded by a couple of Yards of blue Ribband.

I have often spoke with Jest and Contempt of the Levees of the Great; but as I have lately changed my Thoughts of that Matter, I must change my Language too, and confess that there is a great deal in it.

SINCE I have been an Author, I my self have had a Levee, in which I find a sensible Pleasure and Titillation of Mind. My Book-seller's Prentice, and my Printer's Boy, vulgarly called a *Devil*, are constant in their Attendance upon me every Morning. Their cautious quiet manner of ascending the Stairs, for Fear of molesting my Ears; the distant Look and Cringe with which they approach me, and the Pains they take to captivate my Good-will and to shew their own, are all such Instances of their Respect and my Importance, that rather than part with these my dutiful Retainers, and these Points of Dignity, I will be an Author as long as I live.

FOR the Instruction of other great Men in this weighty Affair of the Levee, I am pleased to publish my Method of managing those humble courtly Gentlemen that compose mine.

SOMETIMES, to give them a deep Idea of my Gravity and Attention to Study, I do not vouchsafe to see them in a Quarter of an Hour after they are come into my Presence, but keep

keep musing or reading while they stand waiting in great Patience, and in such awful Silence, that their very Breath seems to stand still in Duty to me. At last I graciously condescend to know that they are there; but before my Eyes have gone half their Journey towards them, these vigilant Courtiers have nailed their very Noses to the Floor, and there they remain as crooked as Dolphins, 'till my speaking commands their Resurrection.

SOMETIMES, to shew them my wonderful Vivacity and Penetration, I catch the Message out of their Mouths, and repeat the whole of it to them, before they have told the half of it to me. To this I add an Air of great Activity and Dispatch, to let them see I can do any Thing.

At other Times, to shew them that I can practise Indolence and Heaviness as much as becomes a *Great Man*, on Occasion, I am prodigious slow in understanding what they say, and make them repeat their Business ten Times over, at least. From hence, likewise, 'tis hoped, they will conceive my Thoughts to be exercised in deeper Matters.

Now and then, when they are gone from me, I call them back again, purely for the Pleasure of seeing with what Haste and Eagerness they return full Speed to catch my Commands; when I have none for them.

WHEN I am in a very good Humour, and would give them an extraordinary Mark of my Grace and Affability, I admit them to
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stir the Fire, or brush my Stockings, or, when their Hands are clean, to tie my Cravat. These Acts of Favour, which are the more valuable for being rare, never miss giving them the utmost Encouragement and Alacrity.

THE Desire of rising above others, is natural to all who would be respected above others; and, in Proportion to that Desire, is the Ambition of him that has it.

AMBITION and Pride are tragical and merry, according to the Objects which they are employed about. Of the mischievous Part I have nothing to say, but a Word or two of the diverting.

WHEN a Man's Vanity is strongly set upon any one Thing, he commonly grows negligent of every Thing else, though of infinite more Worth. Thus, if Dress and Finery are his Study, good Sense and Understanding will lie neglected and unprised; and while the Body is very spruce, the Mind will be an errant Sloven. This, perhaps, is a very good Reason why most Beaus are Blockheads.

ON the other hand, Men that addict themselves wholly to Philosophy and Speculation, are as scandalously wanting in the common and necessary Rules of Life and Action: Their Knowledge makes them Idiots, and, while they *ignorantly* despise all the rest of Mankind, all Mankind *knowingly* despise them.

IT is hard, if not an impossible Matter, to keep a Medium, and to value Things in the same Degree as they are useful or amiable;

able; and therefore, since Whim, and Pride, and Opinion, are too many for Reason, the most extravagant Fancies and Actions are scarce unaccountable.

I mean this as a Sort of Apology for Ambition of all Kinds, and so it cannot but fit all that will apply it. If any noble Lord thinks fitting to drink Bumpers till his Limbs cry *Peccavi*, and double under him, here is a Justification of his Conduct; and the Vintner in *Westminster*, who, with great Treats and Profusion of Wine, hires People to hear him sing, stands excused upon the same Foot.

I must not here omit *Beau Grains*, the Brewer's Son, whose Pride and Glory consist in the Number and Variety of his Night-Gowns, or rather Wrappers, for he lives and delights in them. If you praise his Gown, you gain his Heart and his Purse, and by this very Art, Mrs. *Folding*, his Mantua-Maker, is in a very fair Way of being wedded to him, as much as he is to his Night-Gowns. It would be malicious to tell, how our *Beau* cry'd and sobb'd, because his Mother once found Fault with his Fancy in a piece of Brocade.

BUT of all Sorts of Pride, that is the oddest, and, perhaps, the greatest, which consists in Humility. The Butcher, who left his Calling and grew a Squire, has published a Print of himself, with a Calf peeping over his Shoulder; and for what end? Why, not so much to inform as to surprize the World, *That so great a Man was once a Calf-Carrier;*
for

for were you to tell him of his former Employment, you would soon find the Pride of the Gentleman has but improved the Rage of the Butcher.

THERE is often great Pride in the Contempt of Pride ; and I have known more Conceit and Insolence in a plain *primitive* Coat, than in an embroidered Suit. I could likewise observe what boundless Ambition and Self-sufficiency are wrapt up in a Pair of Shoe-Strings, and what Merit and Advantage a designing Fellow made with a *Great Man*, by renouncing his Buckles and conforming to Woosted-Tapes.

THE Ladies too have their Topicks of Ambition: Some glory in their Faces, some in their Jellies, and some in their Devotion; and before you attack their Hearts, you must watch their Affections. *Will. Swiftly* conquered *Mrs. Rebecca* by writing an Epigram upon Gravy-Sawce; and *Jack Quarto* made his Way to *Mrs. Sunday's* Heart, by singing Psalms. *Tom Squawl*, the Small-Coal-Man, broke his Shin, and sent to Madam *Diapalma* for some of her *Sovereign Balsam*; she sent it, and with it a Crown-Piece; so Madam and *Tom* were both pleased; and *Tom* has had a Crown and a broken Shin every Week these seven Years.

AMBITION is rational and laudable, when it seeks and aims at the Peace and Happiness of human Society; but where it is only personal and selfish, it is either very silly or very terrible.



Of Idleness.



DESIGN to form this Speculation upon the present State of Idleness in this Town; and here again I earnestly entreat Leave of my *fond Reader* to be severe upon my self.

I am naturally of a chearful satisfied Temper, and yet my clearest Days are sometimes over-cast with gloomy Mists, that make my Hours and my Blood roll sluggishly along: And I know these Foes to my Alacrity derive their Existence and their Force from Rest and Inactivity.

THERE is this Difference, in the Event, between Business and Idleness: That the Man of Action wears away his Spirits by Hurry and Exercise; and those of the *Idler* contract Rust and Uselessness from Indolence and folded Arms.

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WHILE we have nothing to do, we are fit to do nothing; and our having too much Liberty makes us Slaves to Laziness. Were I accountable to any one for my Behaviour, I would, no doubt, employ my Days more usefully; but being unfortunately the absolute Master of my own Time, I cannot have the Heart to be a severe Task-Master to my self.

It is odd that Idleness, which infers Heaviness and Impotence, should prove such a prevailing irresistible Habit as it generally does; but it derives its Force from our Weakness, and grows powerful by stripping us of all Power. It is a magical Tyranny, like that of Love, and possesses us with an obstinate Unwillingness to break loose from our Captivity to Sleep and Ease.

BEFORE I came to be that useful Member of human Society, an Author, I have often said, with great Self-denial, that I did not believe any Man ever lived, for whom the World was less the better or the worse. I was, in Effect, as much a Recluse as any in the Roman Church; though I could not accuse my self of any superstitious Fondness for the Holy-Slipper, nor had I the least unhallowed Inclination to be naught with the Scarlet Whore.

IN those my Days of Uselessness, I chose out of Camden's Remains the following Epitaph for my Tomb-stone:

*Here lyeth one that was born and cry'd,
Liv'd several Tears, and then he dy'd.*

To which I added a Couplet of Mr. Prior's,
a little altered,

*His greatest Action which we find,
Was, that he wash'd his Hands and din'd.*

I think this laudable and *singular* Intention of mine, to execute severe Justice upon my self when I was dead, for being good for nothing when I was living, may sufficiently convince the whole Earth of my lowliness of Mind and huge Humility.

BUT as I have fallen into an active Scene of Life, and am become an Instructor of Mankind, I think I have a just Right to a new Epitaph, and if any *First-Rate Poet* can luckily strike out a couple of Lines to my liking, I have *Half-a-Crown* at his Service; for though I am but a Commoner, I chuse to reward Wit like a Man of Quality.

But to proceed with my Subject: Idleness and Ease are certainly the most *painful* Things in the World. The Make and Composure of the human System demand Motion and Exercise for its Relief and Preservation; and as Action is natural and necessary, it is as pleasant as it is useful. This is so true, that the idle Man himself, while he does nothing, is resolving to do something, and is in confessed Vexation and Pain 'till he sets
about

about it: But many Amusements together offering themselves to his Meditation and Choice, as he sits insipidly under his considering Cap, his Imagination is pulled twenty Ways at once, and his Resolution no Way. And thus the *Indolent* remains in Suspense and Anguish, and because he has a thousand Ways to divert himself, he chuses *none*, though he wishes for *any*. A strange Contradiction of Spirit, but true!

We are mistaken, says the Duke of Rochefaucault, if we think that none but the more hot and violent Passions, such as Love and Ambition, do triumph over the rest. Laziness, as weak and languishing as it is, seldom fails subduing them: It gets the better of all our Designs, and controls all the Actions of our Life; and both our Passions and our Virtues are, together, consum'd insensibly by it.

THE same discerning Author says of this Habit, in another Place, that it shamefully restrains our Searches after Knowledge, and is the Cause that no Man ever pushed his Capacity so far as it would go.

I believe I shall neither contradict the Opinion of the *Physicians*, nor the Experience of their *Patients*, if I assert, that Idleness has a mighty Hand both in the Creation and Nourishment of the Spleen and the Vapours.

A fine Lady and a Beau, who having nothing to do but to be idle, cannot be said to interrupt their Indolence by drinking of Tea and taking of Snuff; for in these very Articles they are *doing nothing*: Besides, they
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do these Things *by Rote*, and are so *genteely indolent*, that they do not so much as feel themselves regale themselves.

A Citizen's Wife lives in her Dining-Room, with a Clock at her Elbow, and every Time it strikes she rings for her Maid, to know, *how often* ; for it is too much Drudgery for so pretty a prim Creature to count the Hours, or look on the Dial-Plate her self ; and she is so *lazy* and *fashionable*, that she is above attending to any Thing whatsoever : I must own, because I would conceal nothing that can possibly be said in her Favour, that she walks about a Dozen Times a Day to the *Citron-Bottle*, and as often to her *Looking-Glass*. But I am of Opinion, with Submission to the *College*, that Pride and Topping cannot be called Exercise.

It must be owned, in Defence of Idleness, that there are some publick Advantages arising from it, and that it prodigiously advances the Excise, by filling Coffee-Houses, Tippling-Houses, and Taverns. An honest Fellow gets drunk, because he has nothing else to do ; and a Coffee-House Orator gives his Jaws a *Breathing*, because he has no *other* Work upon his Hands.

How natural is it to be doing somewhat ? Some or other of our Organs are perpetually craving for Employment : Hence it is that a Coquet shivers when she is not cold, and a Beau cries, *Dem me*, though he knows that such Prayer is *altogether superfluous* ; and tucks
down

down his Ruffles, though they were before as smooth as a Parson's Band.

WE are indebted to Idleness for one Benefit, which I think is a very considerable one; we have many excellent *stol'n* Sermons preached by some of the Clergy, who will not *take the Pains to make worse of their own*. And by the Idleness of our Nobility, Gentry, and Tradesmen, Hackney-Coachmen, and Hackney-Harlots, Gamesters, Pimps, and Chairmen, live and are supported.

BUT, for all my Partiality to Idleness, I admire Industry more, and think it something more eligible; and I am justified in my Judgment by the Sentiments and Practices of those worthy discerning Gentlemen who best know its Value, I mean, the *careful* Inhabitants of the City: In that provident Centre of Wealth, Industry stands in due Lustre and Esteem; there it is a Demi-God; nay, 'tis more, it is *Jupiter Ammon*, the Father of the Gods and of *Gain*, and showers down Riches and *Gold Chains* upon its *faithful Votaries*, and, with these, *other Blessings*, which to me, who am no *Bigot to this Deity*, are infinitely more valuable, HEALTH and LONG LIFE.

It may seem romantick, but it is very true, that there are a sort of People who take great Pains to be idle; such are your *Hunters of News*, who tramp it half a Score Streets, to know who has got a Wife or a Place; your *Haunters of Levees*, who are rewarded for three Hours Patience and Attendance

dance with a *gracious Grin*, and come away well contented; and your *superficial Visitants*, who go to see Folks because they are not at Home. There are several others of this Kind, who, as it were, *labour to be lazy*.

It is the Bent of our Nature to be active, and 'tis the only Question and Difficulty, in this Matter, upon what our Diligence ought to be employed; let therefore this Rule be our Guide, *to be employed about that which makes for the Happiness of our selves and of Mankind*.





Of the Fickleness of human Nature.



THE World is full of Changes and Revolutions, and nothing is so certain in it as Vicissitude and Uncertainty. Even this great Globe of Earth and Water, which is so well put together, and so equally poiz'd, and, from its Figure and Composition, seems to promise eternal Strength and Duration, feels frequent Distempers and dreadful Convulsions, that tear its Entrails, and destroy the Beauty of its Surface. And the same Fickleness and Alteration attends every Thing which it produces or nourishes: Animals and Vegetables are constant in nothing but Variation from their present State; they are either growing or decaying, and perpetually succeeding each other, and never stand still, to be what they are.

THE Phrases in which we speak of Flowers and Trees, as *that they droop, and look gay,* and the like, seem to be very just and happily chosen, as they describe the *Disposition* as
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well as the Outside of these Vegetables, and shew, that the Appearance they make is owing to the *Plight* they are in. If we had a Mind to carry the Metaphor yet farther, and say, that *such a Plant is well pleased*, or, *such a Plant is out of Humour*, the Signification would be but still the same. I have frequently (especially in a windy Day) seen a Tree Storm and be in a great Passion, and a Shrub look as cross as a Cat. At another Time, I have beheld the *first* Smile, and the *second* seem well enough contented. A reverend old *Oak*, when Time or Violence has robb'd him of his bushy Perriwig and brawny Branches, how disconsolate and ashamed does he appear, and how loth to be seen?

IN Creatures that have a greater Degree of Life, and are therefore called Animals, we see the same Variety and Changeableness of Growth and Spirit. Beasts of all sorts are of different Tempers at different Seasons, and sometimes merry and pleasant, and sometimes sullen and grave.

BUT of all living Beings, there is none so variable as MAN. This Creature is perpetually falling out with himself, and sustains three or four opposite Characters every Day he lives; nay, very often, he acts over all these Characters ten Times in a Day, and is chearful and angry, and pleased and despairing, all in the Space of half an Hour.

I now and then go to visit *Mutatius*, and would oftner, were he always of the same Humour, or but near the same: But *Muta-*
tius

tius is generally at Cuffs with himself, and therefore cannot long be Friends with any Body else. This Gentleman loves me so well, that when he receives me at the Head of the Stairs, I see Pleasure and Joy sparkling in his Eyes; but before we have taken half a Pinch, and scarce mentioned the News and the Weather, he grows suddenly weary of himself, and me, and then, as soon as I see his Meaning in his Face, I take Occasion to have urgent Business on my Hands, and so handle my Cane and my Legs, the first Thing I do. In this manner do I please *Mutatus* in coming to him, and humour him no less in leaving him: He is sorry when I do not come, and sorry when I do not go; I am never from him but he wants to see me, and I am never with him but he wants to be from me. The first Time I saw *Mutatus*, he had a Bottle of *Florence* in his Belly, or, rather, in his Brains, and he sung, and told Stories, and said a thousand elegant witty Things; and by the whole Tenor of his Discourse and Behaviour, I took him to be the best natured, as well as the most pleasant Man in the World. He invited us to drink Tea with him next Morning, and we went; but I found him such a dry, gloomy, and insipid Animal, that had he been buried three Days, a more wretched Alteration could not have befallen him. When I entred his House, I had a Laugh ready prepared, and kept my Face in a proper Situation to perform it, as being sure he would, at first Sight, say something to

deserve it. But how was I disappointed, how mortified, when *Mutatus* approached me and my Companions, with a moping ill-condition'd Phiz, not so much as opening his Mouth! After he had walked about the Room half a Quarter of an Hour, and minded every Thing but us, he asked us, in a short ill-bred Tone, whether we would not sit down: Such was our Reception. But after he had drank three or four Glasses of Cherry Brandy, he grew wondrous kind and witty again, and we became once more the lovingest Friends he had upon God's Earth. Now nothing would do but we must dine with him; we did so, and he drank our Healths in Bumpers, and nothing was ever so fond of another as he was of his Guests. In fine, the Heat of Affection and of Wine made *Mutatus* very drunk; however, he persever'd in his great Fondness 'till he fell asleep; but his Nap made him sober, and when he awak'd out of it, he looked at us as if he would have cut our Throats, and, without saying one Word to us, went up to Bed, as we did to our Lodgings. *Mutatus* never invites any Man but when he himself is drunk, and never makes any Man welcome when he is sober. He has a very handsome Wife, whom he often beats, and then cries to her for having done it; and then beats her again, and then cries again. Thus the poor fine Lady lives under a perpetual Succession of Love and Threshing.

THE Life of *Tremulus* is a strange Medley of Religion and Debauchery: He lives in a Bawdy-House four Days in a Week, and spends two in Repentance and Prayer; and when he has very *fervently* reconciled himself to Heaven, and, as it were, freed himself from his Wickedness, he very chearfully returns to it, and makes new Work for new Devotion; so that, with him, Whoring is a Whet to Piety. *Tremulus* has told me, that when he betakes himself to his Closet and Meditations, *Sin-ning* seems to him a very tasteless Thing, and he wonders how he came ever to practise it; but when he visits *Mother Needham's*, and has his Bottle before him, and his Girl at his Elbow, there is nothing he so much laughs at as *Fasting and Praying*; he then thinks they are much *beneath a Gentleman*. *Tremulus* never grows godly till he can whore no more for that Bout, and never leaves his Godliness 'till he has a new Call to go a Whoring. N.B. *Tremulus* always lives very chastly under a Salivation, and sometimes composes *devout Hymns and spiritual Songs* whilst he is in these *trying Circumstances*.

By what is here said may be seen the Difference which Whim, Wine, and Affliction, make between a Man and himself: Let us now enquire whether Pride and good Fortune have not the same Power, and do not produce the same Effect.

As we are generally too fond of our selves, to ascribe to Providence, Chance, or the Friendship of others, any Piece of good
 D 6 Luck

Luck which comes to us, we never fail to thank our Merit for our Success, and to esteem our selves very worthy Gentlemen, because we are very fortunate Fellows. We are not therefore to wonder that a Person values himself for being exalted, since, if you will take his own Word and Opinion for it, his Exaltation shews his Excellence. He is surprized he was so long a Stranger to his own Abilities, and takes it very ill if you are not surprized too. If you approach him with the same Freedom and Familiarity as formerly, his haughty Aspect is sure to inform you, that you have not the Honour to know him half so well as he knows himself. Preferment is of it self a very harmless Thing; it is our Belief, *that we deserve it*, which does all the Mischief, and moulds our Face and Behaviour into a rebuking Stiffness and *courtly Insolence*.

Mr. *John Felix* was a good-natured sociable Fellow about three Years ago: He used then to shake me by the Hand, and divert me over a Bottle with great Meekness and Affability. I indeed perceived the Seeds of Grandeur and Haughtiness in him, by his disdainful and imperious Treatment of Drawers and Link-Boys; but still he preserved his Respect for me, as long as my Purse was by Two-pence in a Shilling a wealthier Person than his own. But, unfortunately for us both, *John* married a Widow, with a great Estate and no Teeth, last *March*, and ever since he carefully remembers to forget me as much

as he has done himself. I have two or more Tokens concerning Mr. *Felix*, that might serve to rub up a poor Man's Memory; but I am satisfied they will not do with *him*. I lent him half a Crown at the *Rose-Tavern* without *Temple-Bar*, *January 22, 1715*. I accommodated him with a clean Shirt on the 30th, *Ditto*. I wrote a Love-Letter for him to his Mistress, on the 13th of *June*, in the Forenoon, *Anno Domini 1716*. I got my Taylor to credit him with a Pair of Breeches, on Monday the 9th of *October*, the same Year. These Tokens, as I said, might make a poor Man remember; but, as Mr. *John Felix* is an utter Stranger to *John Felix*, Esq; I despair of bringing *his Worship* to own any Acquaintance with *his aforesaid self*: And indeed he has got so fine a Coat and so important a Look, that even I can scarce know him.

Mrs. *Fussock* could tramp the Streets and scower the Irons for fifteen Years together, and never complained that either her Feet or her Elbows were weary; but since Mr. *Deputy* has married her, and given her a Coach, she cannot cross the Court, her Soals are so tender; nor cut up a Sirloin, her Hands are so delicate.

I am apt to think that every new Acquisition of Power, Wealth, or Fame, gives a new Touch and Bias to the Imagination. Ever since I began to be an Author, I have taken up an uncommon Passion for wearing of Ruffles; but, to shew how much the Philo-

sopher in me gets the better of the proud Man, I have, at the same Time, as a Drawback upon my Ambition, laid aside my Silver Buckles, and contented my self with humble Bath-Metal.

A variable Creature is a contemptible Creature, and an unhappy ; we should therefore, for our Reputation and Ease, always preserve, or at least seem to preserve, an Uniformity with our selves. We ought to think it our Interest and our Glory to imitate that blessed Being, the Foundation of all Wisdom and Goodness, *who is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for ever.*





Of Prejudice.



HERE is a Principle which will always make the World uneasy, and which, in Spite of its general Prevalence, I would fain have blotted out of human Nature: Every Reader will consent to the Thing, when I tell him it is PREJUDICE; and yet, perhaps, from unknown Seeds, in his own Mind be guilty of it the next Moment. In order, therefore, to do Justice to a Subject that so well deserves the Consideration of Mankind, I shall take the Liberty to tell them what Prejudice is, and what fatal Influences it must have on themselves and the Society, that by the established Rules of common Sense claims a Right in them.

Prejudice is that habitual Notion of Things and Persons that a Man receives from the Information of *others*: It is early ingrafted in the Mind, and the last to be got rid of. It is the Sense of a *second Person*, which a Man makes Use of for his own, and is led
into

into the fatal Mistake of believing *that* the Effect of his Judgment which came to him another Way. *Prejudice*, from what Quarter soever it is brought, has the same Direction and Government of the Understanding: A *Nurse* or a *Priest*, an old *Woman* or a *Prophet*, may be the Cause, but the Effect will still be the same. The Exertion of this *No-Principle* will produce equally terrible or equally calm Actions of Life; and a Man shall reckon it either his Duty to *sit still*, or *murder*, just as any young imbib'd Opinion directs him. The Unhappiness is, that it keeps Pace with Life it self, mixes it self with every Circumstance of his doing well or ill, and yet bears the Face of something better in the Eyes of the World. One Man calls it *Religion*, another *Principle*; and he who dares to own it by a plainer Name, says it is *Party*. Thus, whatever is done upon this Foundation, though never so faulty, shall find Advocates, because it meets with some Similitude of Action in your Neighbour, and that is Reason enough for his approving it. The poor Creature who strikes into your *Prejudice*, does not consider that at the same Time he justifies his own; and you can do no less than tacitly promise him, that your *Understanding* shall be at his Service upon another Occasion. The Cheat still runs on, and so it must; for after you have deceived one another some Time, that very Deception becomes to be a pleasing *Prejudice*, and you play the Game without knowing what you are

are doing. Let every honest Man look into his own Mind, and examine there if he does not find some *Pictures* which he himself has sat for; and yet, I am sure, when he sees the Deformity, *Prejudice* will break the *Looking-Glass*.

BUT if a little Regard to one's self and Acquaintance, will not be strong enough to alter this unnatural Conceit of *Deceiving* and being *Deceiv'd*, I would desire them to look at the Consequences, which are no less than the worst Part of the Evils that afflict Mankind: I suppose it will be owned, that the general Good and Peace is what ought to be most in the View of every Individual: Yet let but this unhappy Word *Prejudice* Abroad, and it will set Mankind a cutting one another's Throats, make us kill by *Law*, and justify by *Precedent*.

THE *Pope*, for Instance, for a small Tincture in his Education, takes it into his Head, that he is the *common Father* of the Universe, *Supream upon Earth*, and has I don't know how many Kingdoms (besides Reversions) to dispose of.—— Upon this *Prejudice*, he gives the Dominions of one *Prince* to another, and tells him he is *heavenly-entitled* to do in his Name as much Violence, Oppression, and Fraud, as he pleases. This, certainly, has been done—— but why? The Man of Infallibility first *mistakes himself*, and then imagines that the rest of the World are of his Opinion. No doubt, it is a very comfortable Thing to have this Power fairly invested

vested in any one Person; but surely it is an Affront to the Dignity of our Nature, to be made the Instruments of it; and if God Almighty did not design the Scheme so, in what a miserable *prejudic'd* Servitude must those Wretches live, who will so forfeit their Lives, and hazard their Salvation, to maintain the Truth of all this?

THE honest Followers of *Mahomet* are just of the same Opinion, thinking they have full as much or more Right to *Rome* than his *Holiness* has to *Constantinople*; and if there was Occasion given, would sacrifice as many *bigotted* Lives, on their Side, as could be raised in *Christendom*.

In the Strength of this, would twenty thousand *Spahis*, and fifty thousand *Janizaries*, march forth at a Minute's Warning, with only this Comfort, that their Friend *Mahomet* is on their Side, who once had a familiar *Pidgeon* at his Beck, and has promised them the finest Women that can be had, if they happen to be knock'd on the Head for believing in him. We, who are certainly in the Right, call this *Prejudice*; but can we think they have not a better, more sanctified Name for it in the *East*?

I am almost ashamed to bring these Reflections Home to our selves, but my Countrymen must excuse me, if I say, upon the Square of right Reason, we make as ill a Figure as they do in *Italy* or *Asia*. How many Men would stab a useful Member of the Commonwealth, merely from hearing he has not the same
Notion

Notion of Things which they have? What a Shame is it to Reason, to hear it publicly avowed, that *such a Person* can do nothing ill, and such another (perhaps the better of the two) nothing well. I should not have taken these Liberties with my Fellow-Subjects, if I did not daily see and hear them, *Swear, Drink, Fight, Dye, and Pray*, out of *Prejudice*.





Of Witchcraft.



SINCE the beginning of the World, Deceit and Falshood have been too many for Truth, and followed and admired by a Majority of Mankind. If we enquire after the Reason of this, we shall find it in our own Imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual Novelty and Variety that Fiction affords, but find no Manner of Delight or Titillation in the uniform Simplicity of homely Truth, which is a daily Guest, and *always the same.*

HE therefore that would gain our Hearts, must make his Court to our Fancy, which, being sovereign Controller of the Passions, lets them loose, and inflames them more or less, in Proportion to the Force and Operation of the first Cause, which is ever the *more powerful*, the *more new* it is. Thus in mathematical Demonstrations themselves, though they seem to aim at pure Truth and Instruction, and to be addressed to our Reason alone, yet, I think, it is pretty plain, that our

our Understanding is only made a Drudge to gratify our Invention and Curiosity, and we are pleased, not so much because our Discoveries *are certain*, as because *they are new*.

I do not deny but the World is still pleased with Things that pleased it many Ages ago; but I beg it may, at the same Time, be remembered, that Humankind has from the beginning been so much of a *Logician*, as to distinguish, in this Case, between Matters that are plain and easy, and Matters that are hard and inconceivable; what we understand, we overlook and despise, and what we know nothing of, we hug and delight in. Thus there are such Things as *perpetual Novelties*; for we are pleased no longer than we are amazed, and nothing so much contents us as that which confounds us.

THIS Weakness in human Nature, and this Propensity which is in us to *stare*, gave Occasion to the *Heathen*, and afterwards to the *Roman Priests*, to make such *gainful Markets* as they have done of our *Credulity*. When they found that Mankind cared for nothing which they understood, but were for ever gaping after Wonder and Amazement, and the most fond of believing Articles that were the most beyond all Belief, they converted every Thing into *Miracle and Mystery*. Then it was that all Objects and Facts whatsoever ceased to be what they had been for ever before, and received what Make and Meaning these *holy Sorcerers* found convenient to put upon them; what People eat, and
drank,

drank, and saw, was *not* what they eat, and drank, and saw, but *something farther*, which they were fond of, because they were ignorant of it. In short, nothing was it self, but something beyond it self. The Priest said it, and the People believed it. And those Things which were suffered to be what they were, were changed into quite contrary Things, as soon as one of these *omnipotent Deceivers* had said the Word. The Priests had, by these Artifices, Forgeries, and Amusements, so turned and intoxicated the Heads of the World, that at last there was scarce a sound Set of Brains left in it.

In this State of Giddiness and Infatuation, it was no very hard Task to them, to persuade their *deluded Believers*, that there were Men, Women and Children, who had *bodily Intercourse* with the *invisible World*, and that there was an actual Society and Communion between *human Creatures* and *spiritual Demons*.

Now, you must know, when *they* had thus put People into the Power and Clutches of the *Devil*, none but *they alone* could have either Skill or Strength to combat the Arch-Fiend, and bring back the Prisoners again; or, if that *cunning Traytor* had taken *Possession* of a Man's Body, and barricado'd himself in his Belly, none but *these spiritual Engineers* could besiege him there, and kick him out of his Quarters. Why they did not drive him quite out of the Universe, and put it out of his Power any longer to disturb and kidnap the Children of *Adam*, proceeded, no doubt, from a *substantial Consideration* that nearly concerned

concerned them. ——— If *Satan* had perished, their Craft had also perished.

BUT while they were thus doing Honour to themselves, I am afraid they did more to the *Devil*; since, by their own Confession, he alone, in his single Person, was thus able, by the Ministration of *Witches* and *Apparitions*, continually to alarm and distress them. However, upon the whole, the *Devil* and the *Druids* were for ever tricking and getting the better of each other, as if they had been playing at *Hide and Seek*, and only conquering to be overcome.

AND so far did they carry this dreadful *Drolery*, and so fond they were of it, that to maintain *it and themselves* in profitable *Repute*, they literally *sacrificed* for it, and made impious Victims of numberless old Women, and other miserable Persons, who either through Ignorance could not say what they were bid to say, or thro' Madness, said what they should not have said. Fear and Stupidity made them incapable of defending themselves, and Frenzy and Infatuation made them confess *guilty Impossibilities*, which yet produced *cruel Sentences* against them, and then *inhuman Executions*.

SOME of these wretched Mortals, finding themselves either hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, and perhaps wanting the common Necessaries of Life, came at last to abhor themselves, as much as they were abhorred by others, and grew willing to be burnt or hanged out of a World which was
no

no other to them than a Scene of Persecution and Anguish.

OTHERS, of strong Imaginations and little Understanding, were, by positive and repeated Charges against them, of committing mischievous and supernatural Facts and Villanies, *de-luded* to judge of themselves by the Judgment of their Enemies, whose Weakness or Malice prompted them to be Accusers.

AND many have been condemned as Witches and Dealers with the *Devil*, for no other Reason but their knowing more than those godly Blockheads who accus'd, try'd, and pass'd Sentence upon them. Every Thing that pass'd the Skill of these zealous Ideots, though deduced from obvious natural Causes, and the Exercise of Art, was Witchcraft and horrible Impiety, and the ingenious *innocent* Authors were delivered over to *Satan*, for being too great with *Satan*; which, by the By, was an odd sort of Punishment; as if a Man's *intimate Friend* was a proper Person to be *his Tormentor*.

IN these Cases, Credulity is a much more mischievous Error than Infidelity, and it is safer to believe nothing, than too much. A Man that believes little or nothing of Witchcraft, will destroy no Body for being under the Imputation of Witchcraft; and so far he certainly acts with Humanity to others, and Safety to himself: But he that credits all, or *too much*, upon that Article, is obliged, if he acts consistently with his Persuasion, to kill all those whom he takes to be the Killers of

of Mankind, and such are Witches.—— It would be a Jest and a Contradiction to say, that he is for sparing them who are harmless of that Tribe, since the received Notion of their supposed Contract with the *Devil*, implies, that they are engaged by Covenant and Inclination to do all the Mischief they possibly can. I have heard many Stories of Witches, and read many Accusations against them, but I do not remember any that would have induced me to have consign'd over to the Halter or the Flame any of those deplorable Wretches, who, as they share of our Likeness and Nature, ought to share of our Compassion, as Persons cruelly accused of Impossibilities.



Upon



Upon the same.



THE Mind of Man never stands still, but is in perpetual Search after fresh Employments, and where it does not find Matter to work upon, it makes it. The Pleasure of Pursuing is greater than that of Possessing; and though we imagine we aim only at being convinced, Conviction, when it comes, disappoints us. Curiosity and Desire are boundless, and can never be stopped. Delight is ever greatest at a Distance; when we arrive at it, we destroy it; and our Hopes, when they are gratified, are killed.

THIS is the Reason why we are continually driving at the Knowledge of Things which cannot be thoroughly known, and perhaps cannot be known at all. That a Part is less than the Whole, and that *Two and One make Three*, are Truths too plain and useful to please us; we love to delude our selves with

†

Mystery,

Mystery, and are animated by Uncertainty to dive still farther in the Dark. That Disquisition is the most pleasant and amusing which brings least Profit, and ends in no certain Discovery. I speak of Things which have an ideal and visionary Nature.

WE often fancy or forge an Effect, and then set our selves as gravely as ridiculously to find out the Cause. Thus, for Example, when a Dream or the Hippo has given us false Terrors and imaginary Pains, we immediately conclude that the Tyrant of Hell (whom by the Way we Complement with the Tyranny of this World too) owes us a Spight, and inflicts his Wrath and Stripes upon us by the Hands of his sworn Servants amongst us. For this end, an old Woman in every Parish is promoted to a Seat in *Satan's* Privy-Council, and appointed his Executioner and Witch in Chief within her District. So ready and civil are we to allow the Devil the Dominion over us, and even to provide him with Butchers and Hangmen of our own Make and Nature.

I have frequently wondered why we did not, in chusing our proper Officers for *Belzebub*, lay the Lot upon Men rather than Women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody Service; but, upon Enquiry, I find it has been so ordered for two Reasons; first, the Men having the whole Direction of this Affair, are wise enough to slip their own Heads out of the Collar; and secondly, an old Woman is grown by

E

Custom

Custom the most avoided and most unpitied Creature under the Sun, the very Name carrying Contempt and Satire in it. And so far, indeed, we pay but an uncourtly Sort of Respect to Prince *Satan*, in sacrificing to him nothing but the *dry Sticks of human Nature*.

PERHAPS we make the Devil fond of old Women, on Purpose to shew that we will keep all the young Girls to our selves; and, if so, it is at once a great Satire upon him, and a great Complement to our selves; as if we Mortals, who are but of Yesterday, had a nicer Taste in Female Flesh, than *that experienced old Rake*.

WE are never tir'd with suspecting and believing, and the more we are amazed, the more we are pleased. This wretched gaping Spirit still haunts Mankind, and still subjects them to endless Impositions and shameful Delusions, of which *one Party of Men* have made a plentiful Harvest in all Ages.

WE have a *wondering Quality* within us, which finds huge Gratifications when we see *strange Feats* done, and cannot at the same Time see the *Doer* or the *Cause*. Such Actions are sure to be attributed to some Witch or Dæmon; for if we come to find that they are sily performed by Artists of our own Faith and Species, and by Causes purely natural, our Delight dies with our Amusement.

IT is therefore one of the most unthankful Offices in the World, to go about to expose the mistaken Notions of Witchcraft and Spirits. It is robbing Mankind of a valuable
Ima-

Imagination, and of the Privilege of being deceived. Those who at any Time undertook this Task, have always met with rough Treatment and ill Language for their Pains, and seldom escaped the Imputation of Atheism, because they would not allow the Devil to be too hard for the Almighty.

FOR my Part, I am so much of a Heretick, as to believe, that God Almighty, and not the Devil, governs the World. I think it is generally agreed, that, now-a-Days, God neither works Miracles, nor bestows extraordinary Revelations amongst us; and yet we allow that *Satan* and his Ministers do both.

IF we enquire what are the common Marks and Symptoms by which Witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor Creatures were burnt and hanged, who unhappily fell under that Name.

IN the first Place, the old Woman must be prodigious ugly; her Eyes are hollow and red, her Face shrivel'd up, she goes double, and her Voice trembles. It frequently happens that this rueful Figure and Aspect frightens a Child into the Palpitation of the Heart: Home he runs, and tells his Mamma, that *Goody* such a one look'd at him, and he is very ill. The good Woman cries out, *Her dear Baby is bewitch'd*, and sends for the *Parson* and the *Constable*.

IT is moreover necessary that a Parish-Witch must be very poor. It is true, her Master *Satan* has Mines and hidden Treasure in

his Gift; but no Matter; she is, for all that, very poor, and lives on Alms. She goes to *Cicely* the Cook-maid for a Dish of Broth, or the Heel of a Loaf, and *Cicely* denies them to her. The old Woman goes away muttering, and, may be, in less than a Month's Time *Cicely* hears the Voice of a Cat, and strains her Ankles, which are certain Signs that she is bewitched.

A Farmer or a Squire fees his Cattle dye of the Murrain, and his Sheep of the Rot, and *poor Goody* is forced to be the Cause and Instrument of their Death, because she was seen talking to her self the Evening before such an Ew departed, and had been gathering Sticks at the Side of the Wood where such a Cow run mad.

OUR Witch-Searchers have another infallible Way of discovering their Game. They never fail to find about the old Woman's Body some secret Teat, or Wart, or Pimple, (no Matter which) planted there by *Old Nick* himself, as a Nipple for the Feeding of a young sucking Devil, called a *Familiar*, which the Witch takes to Nurse.

THEN she keeps an old Grey Cat, which is a disguised Devil too, and Confederate with *Goody* in Works of Darkeness. They frequently go Journeys together into *Egypt* upon a Broom-Staff, in Half an Hour's Time; and now and then *Goody* and her Cat change Shapes. The Neighbours often over-hear them in deep and solemn Discourse together, plotting

plotting some dreadful Mischief, you may be sure.

THERE is a famous Way of trying Witches, recommended by the acute Pen of King *James* the First, and others of the like Opinion and Sagacity. The old Woman is ty'd Hand and Foot, and thrown into the River, and if she swims she is guilty, and taken out and burnt; but if she is innocent, she sinks, and is only drown'd.

THE Witches are said to meet their Master frequently in Churches and Church-yards. I wonder at the Boldness of *Satan* and his Congregation, in revelling and playing Mountebank Farces upon consecrated Ground; and I have as often wondered at the Oversight and ill Policy of *some People*, in allowing it possible.

IT would have been both dangerous and impious in me, to have treated this Subject at one certain Time in this ludicrous Manner. It used to be managed with all possible Gravity and even Terror; and, indeed, it was made a Tragedy in all its Parts, and thousands were sacrificed, or rather murdered by such Evidence and Colours, as, God be thanked, we are at this Day ashamed of. An old Woman may be miserable now, and not be hanged for it.



Of Ghosts and Apparitions.



AVING bestowed my two last Essays upon the wild and superstitious Imaginations which are vulgarly entertained about *Witches*, I mean to lay together, in this Paper, some Considerations upon *Ghosts* and *Apparitions*.

ALL sorts of People, when they are got together, will be finding something to talk of. News, Politicks, and Stocks, compose the Conversation of the busy and trading World. Rakes, and Men of Pleasure, fight Duels with Men they never spoke to, and lie with Women they never saw, and do twenty other fine Feats over their Cups, which they never do any where else. And Children, Servants, and old Women, and others of the same Size of Understanding, please and terrify themselves and one another with *Spirits* and *Goblins*. In this *Case* a *Ghost* is no more than a Help to Discourse.

WHEN

WHEN the Fancy is once heated with these romantick Relations, it is no wonder it retains them, and presents such terrible Images in Dreams. It is odd, that People should love to be frighten'd, and yet there are Persons who take Pains, when they are awake, to alarm themselves when they are asleep.

BUT indeed it is very rare that any of those quick-sighted Folks, who *see invisible Spirits* in their Dreams, think fit to have been asleep *at the Time*. For, should they own it to have been a Dream, the *Spirit* would lose the Reputation of a *Spirit*, and they the Credit of stealing a Look at it. And therefore, whenever they have the dreadful good Fortune to dream of an Apparition, you must be sure to believe they were broad awake.

THIS sort of Civility I lately paid to a fashionable young Lady, who is troubled with the Spleen, and favoured with the Sight of an *Apparition* as often as she pleases. She told me she *saw a horrid ugly Spectre*, standing bolt upright against the Wainscot, one Night as she lay a Bed without the *least Glimpse of Light* in the Room; its Eyes were sunk, its Countenance wan and meagre, and its Aspect threatening; she added, *it looked earnestly at her, and beckon'd with its Finger*. Madam, says I, *are you certain you were awake?* Certain, says she! what a simple Question there is! my Eyes were wide open. *And pray, Madam, had you the Hardiness to look at it?* She answered, she never looked at it, for she buried

her Head under the Bed-Cloaths, but she was sure it was in the Room. And I was so courteous to take her Word, that she had seen what she never looked at.

THAT *Fear first made Gods*, is certainly very true, when the Almighty is excepted ; and that Fear first made *Ghosts*, seems to be true without Exception. Nothing is more natural to the Mind of Man than Superstition and religious Horror, which sees every Thing double, and raises Substances from Non-entities. How often does our Imagination run away with us into the invisible World, and there create Objects, and present us with Forms and Phantoms as frightful as they are irrational.

WE must be strangely delighted with Ghosts and Chimeras, when we thus take a Tour out of Nature to see them ; and so fond are we of their Company, that we frequently make them return us the Visit in our Homes and Bed-chambers.

WHEN it is thus in our Power to be haunted with Spirits of *our own creating*, I am surprized we do not make our *Ghosts* of a more amiable Aspect and Nature, and not of that hideous Hue and Quality as always to frighten us, as they do, out of our Wits. But the Fancy is in this Case partial to it self ; it loves to be shock'd with Things terrible, which leave a strong and amazing Idea behind them.

It may look like an Affront to our Reason, not to be consulted in *these Fairy Matters* ; but as it has been for many Ages a
laudable

laudable Maxim among us, *that Reason has no manner of Right or Title to meddle in spiritual Affairs*, we are generously left to be deluded by our *unerring Imaginations*, and to be mad by the *Authority of Religion*.

NOTHING weakens the Mind and turns the Brain more, than the delusive Horrors which the common Stories of *Dæmons* and *Goblins* bring along with them. He that is the staunchest Believer in this Point, is often the most wretched Infidel in Articles of the highest and most useful Nature. He swallows glibly the grossest Falshoods and Forgeries, but cannot bear the Appearance of Truth and Conviction. If you tell him that a *Spirit* carried away the Side of a House, or played at Foot-Ball with half a Dozen Chairs and as many Pewter-Dishes, you win his Heart and his Assent; but if you go about to persuade him that a bodily Communication between the *invisible Spirits* of the other World, and the mortal Inhabitants of this, is not very likely, at least not very common, he holds up both his Hands, and wonders how you can be so great an Atheist. Such a one is so long accustomed to be cheated by others and himself, that at length nothing but Delusion will go down with him, and he has no Relish of what is not monstrous and opposite to Nature and Probability.

How infinite and prevalent is Error, and yet upon what slight and shameful Foundations does it stand? This Consideration alone shews the lamentable Weakness of human Nature, and its Backwardness to countenance Reason and receive Information. If we could be but brought to receive Nothing as a Principle which is not supported by the Evidence of Truth, of which every Man is a Judge, when he is not debauched by Trick and Sophistry, Error, which stands but upon Conjecture or Folly, would vanish and be lost.

I cannot but think it an honest Endeavour, and a good Office done to Mankind, to expose *popular Lies*, especially such as vitiate the Understanding, and render reasonable Creatures less wise, or less sober. Superstition and Credulity may appear innocent and impotent; but they are *quite different* Things; nothing is more powerful, nothing more formidable. They have held the World in Fetters and Ignorance in all Ages, and they are useful and important Tools in the Hands of designing Men. If I can bring a Person to *believe* what I please, by the same Art and Authority I can bring him to *act* what I please; and if I can make him but sufficiently credulous, I'll undertake to make him likewise sufficiently cruel.

WE ought therefore to be very wary what we believe, since we cannot tell what mischievous Consequences such our Easiness may produce.

produce. We have a Right to examine all Things, and a Rule to do it by ; and I cannot conceive why we take the most improbable Stories upon Trust, and, in other Instances, refuse the clearest Demonstrations ; unless, to the Shame of common Honesty and common Sense, we are resolved to be Believers or Infidels, as *Prejudice* directs us.





Upon the same.



IN the Country there are two Sorts of *Ghosts*, a *Plebeian Ghost*, and a *Ghost of Rank*; and these two bear a different Figure, and have a different Behaviour.

The Ghost of Dignity is always known to be the Spirit of a former Landlord of the Parish, who visits his Tenants every Night in a Coach and Six, and rattles round his Mansion-House, to see that nothing be amiss, and to frighten the Servants into their Duty. His *Ghost* is the very same Man that he himself was in his Life-time, in every Respect: It wears the self-same Snuff-coloured Cloaths trimm'd with black, the same Camlet-Cloak, lined with red, a little faded, and the same Shoes, with Cork Soals and square Toes. Its Gloves are lined with Lambskin, and it has Fustian Drawers on, just as the Squire had.

Nay,

Nay, the Spirit has upon its Body all the Marks that had been upon the Body of the Squire; the little Wart under the left Ear, the small Scar upon the little Finger, the Dimple in the Chin, and twenty other Signs and Tokens, which are all visible to any Man, Woman, or Child, that can but see clearly in the Dark.

FARTHERMORE, our *Ghost* has all the Ways and Humours which it had when it was alive. It smiles upon one Servant, casts a Frown at another, and loves Noise and stale Beer, as well as when it followed a Pack of Hounds all Day, and sat up with another Pack all Night: For great Hooping and Hollowing are often heard in the Parlour or the Cellar about two in the Morning, and, upon Examination, a Barrel of *October* is found empty. Well fare his worshipful Heart; it is not the first, of a thousand, that he has served in the same Manner.

Now and then it prophesies and gives Warnings; and, particularly, it is perceived to make Signs, that the young Squire should reverence the Church, and not go to Law with the Parson.

SOMETIMES his Worship is sadly out of Temper, and more outrageous than a reasonable dead Man should be; but he has good Cause for it.—His extravagant Son and Heir has, perhaps, lost Three and Six-pence at Whisk, or bought a glander'd Horse, or sold his Sheep and his Barley too cheap, or done some such important and unfrugal Fault.

This

This is Provocation enough in Conscience for the grey-headed old *Ghost*, who remembers what bodily Pains it took to get Riches, to fret, and stamp, and throw down all the Pewter Dishes about the House. And yet I cannot see why his late Worship should pinch the innocent Children for their Father's Errors; or why he should terrify the Kennel of Dogs, as he often does, and set them a Howling, as if the poor Beagles were his Son's chief Counsellors, when in Truth, they are only his *principal Companions*.

It happens, sometimes, that the departed *old Gentleman* is seen and heard weeping and wailing most bitterly over a Pond in the Garden, and then it is a hundred to one but a Child or a Coach-Horse dies sometime or other afterwards. I own, indeed, that the *Ghost* does not alone possess, in his own single Person, this kind of *foretelling Spirit*; for the *old House-Dog* is likewise a Prophet of this Kind, and never howls, but something or other comes after it; and the *Crickets* in the Wall have an admirable Knack at *foresmelling a Funeral*.

THESE *Ghosts of Quality* have, in their Way of *living*, one Circumstance which I would not forget. The cunning Creatures, when they are *dead and gone*, and *rotten*, have Policy enough to return to their own Houses, and to take up the best Rooms there for themselves to lodge in. And if any Man presume to lye in their Beds, they never fail to kick him, and cuff him, and toss him in
a Blan-

a Blanket. So unfociable and malicious do People grow when once they are locked up in their Coffins. *This shews that dead Folks can bite.*

HAVING now done due Honour to *Ghosts of Fashion*, I go on to say something about *vulgar Apparitions*; and there is this essential Difference between them; *a Spirit of Title and Figure is ever more formidable and mischievous than a Spirit of low Fortune, or meanly born.* So that we see the Temper of Men is the same in both Worlds.

A *poor Ghost* does not constantly appear in its own *bodily Likeness*, but humbly contents it self with the Body of a *white Horse*, that gallops about the Meadows without Legs, and grazes in them without a Head. On other Occasions it wears the Carcass of a *great black Dog*, that glares full in your Face, but neither bites you, nor says an uncivil Word to you. Sometimes it gives *three solemn Raps* at your Door, and if you do not answer it, it says nothing to you; and if you do answer it, it holds its Tongue.

THERE are several other Marks and Particularities belonging to *humble Plebeian Ghosts*, as their leaving their Footsteps in the Ashes, their taking you by the Hand when you are asleep, and the like. But the chief Affair that calls them back again to *visit the World by Night*, is their Fondness for a Pot of Money which they buried in their Life-time, and cannot be at Rest in their Graves without it.

†

Thus

Thus the Thirst of Gold raises them before the Resurrection.

A late very pious but very credulous Bishop was relating a strange Story of a *Dæmon*, that haunted a Girl in *Lothbury*, to a Company of Gentlemen in the City, when one of them told his Lordship the following one.

As I was one Night reading a Bed, as my Custom is, and all my Family were at Rest, I heard a Foot deliberately ascending the Stairs, and as it came nearer I heard something breathe. While I was musing what it should be, three hollow Knocks at my Door made me ask who was there, and instantly the Door flew open. Ay, Sir, and pray what did you see? My Lord, I'll tell you. A tall thin Figure stood before me, with wither'd Hair, and an earthly Aspect; he was covered with a long sooty Garment, that descended to his Ankles, and his Waste was clasp'd close within a broad leathern Girdle. In one Hand he held a black Staff taller than himself, and, in the other, a round Body of pale Light, which shone feebly every Way. That's remarkable! pray, Sir, go on. It beckon'd to me, and I followed it down Stairs, and there it pointed to the Door, and then left me, and made a hideous Noise in the Street. This is really odd and surprising;—— but pray now, did it give you no Notice what it might particularly seek or aim at? Yes, my Lord, it was the Watchman, who came to shew me that my Servants had left all my Doors open.



Of the Weather.

IN my weekly Lucubrations I have often had sudden Turns of my Spirits and Fancy, and as often knew not what to attribute them to; *Gloomy* or *Sprightly* I was, but the *Wherefore* was a Point I could not determine. To rub my Temples, feel my Pulse, shake Hands with my self, look in the Glass, turn about the Room, I knew to be common *Recipes* in this Distemper, and accordingly have performed them all with the *usual inconsistent Gravity* of a Creature at Difference with it self: But, as my Friend *Shakespear* says, *it is the Cause, my Soul, it is the Cause.* — This, indeed, I could not tell what to make of, 'till one *Friday*, (an ominous Day, by the By) I sat museful and melancholy a long Time, not knowing whether to write or read, to go Abroad or stay at Home; when, on a sudden, that glorious Luminary, *the Sun*, darted so bright a Ray into

into my Closet, that I felt my Spirits begin to waken, my Thoughts to take a gay Turn, and the whole Frame, both of Mind and Body, so much altered for the better, that I fancied my self in a *new Creation of my own Forming*.

THIS Accident occasioned many Reflections, which I, after the Nature of *Homer's Heroes*, began to question *myself about*; I first asked my own Heart, whether it was the *same Heart* I had half an Hour before, and received such an Answer as convinced me it *was not*. In the next Place, I took my Understanding by the *Collar*, and forced it to tell me why it had been asleep so long; it replied in shuffling Terms, and laid the Blame upon another Faculty of the Mind, which I knew to be perfectly innocent. When this Method gave me no Satisfaction, I resolved to summon a general Council of all my Powers, both *rational* and *mechanical*; which being done, I found to my great Surprise, that the last had been the Cause of my Dulness, and so was brought in *Guilty*. I wish that all my Readers would make the same Trial upon themselves, and, I dare say, they will find that their Spirits, and, of Consequence, their Thoughts and Actions depend as much upon the *Weather* as the Motion of the *Quicksilver* in the Glass does. I don't pretend to explain how a dull and heavy Air damps and enervates, how a fair and open Light elevates and exalts; but, perhaps, more human

human Affairs depend upon these Alterations than are generally thought of.

FOR Instance ; There has been a *General* in the World, of fam'd Success; who never could be persuaded to fight on a rainy Day, and who, as certainly as he did fight, gained a *Sun-shine Victory* in the Face of Heaven. Whether this Great Man gaged his Constitution for Triumph by the Temper of the Air, I cannot determine ; but, I am sure, he always carried his Point, as much as if he had done it. I might mention certain *Treaties*, which it is impossible should ever have been so long depending, had not the Powers engaged chose a watry, damp Situation for the Place of fixing them ; as there are others which have had too quick an Expedition, merely by the Influence of a strong *Sun* and a *Western Breeze*. We commonly impute these Influences to something within our selves, but alas ! 'tis too true, it is all *external* ; the Mind rises or falls, quickens or stagnates, just as the Operation of the Powers without direct or relieve it. We are naturally so proud, that we are ashamed to own all this ; and, indeed, it would be very grating to a Man, to hear that the last *two Thousand* he gave to a *Church* or an *Hospital*, did not flow from an habitual Goodness ; but to his walking up *Constitution-Hill* at Seven in the Morning without his *Break-fast*. How many Gifts and Settlements have been made by a *Fire-Side*, which the Donor could never have been brought to in the cold

cold open Air? Warmth always creates Affection; and if the *Ladies* would but speak the Truth, they can give more Instances of it than I can.

I said before, that Man, in the Pride and Dignity of his Nature, would disown these Effects, and placethem to a better Account. With all my Heart; if he does but content himself, he cannot hinder me from displaying his real Nakedness, and shewing how little his best Actions are overled by what ought to be his Standard of Action. We can, for Example, remark in the Vanity of our Hearts, and the Folly of our physical Knowledge, how the brute Part of the Creation are affected by the Turns of *Weather*; the *Deer*, we say, runs to Cover, the *Bird* lowers, the *Fish* dance upon the Surface, or seek the Bottom; from (what we are pleased to call) an *Instinct* in them; but yet we will not see that our Passions, our Pleasures, and our Pains, resemble theirs, and that we are equally becalm'd and agitated, as these different Kinds of the Animal *Species* are, and from the same Cause. When we read a Description of this Sort in *Homer* or *Virgil*, we are pleased and delighted with it, as a just Copy of something we have seen in *Nature*; but turn it to *Man*, we are affronted; we cannot bear to have our best Thoughts in *Poetry* owing to a *Heath* or a *Hill*, or our Speeches in the House to a *cool Walk in the Garden*. However, for the Honour of Mankind, I would not deprive my Fellow-Creatures

tures of what is really due to the *Mind* it self, which, in a well regulated Understanding, is independent of Place, Accident, or Change, perpetually going on in a general Beneficence, and working as near to the great Fountain of Perfection as its State will admit of.

I, my self, am at this Time a notable Instance of the Thing I have been describing; the last Thought (which I reckon the best) started from me at half an Hour past Twelve, and who could behold the *Sun*, without thinking who form'd it, and for what Service? It has just now hid its Head again, and I am grown so heavy, as to have nothing to do, but to have Recourse to my *Almanack* to know when it will shine again. You must suppose, that I have staid four Hours in minutely Expectation; but, alas! in vain, neither *Partridge*, (*who is dead*) nor *Rider*, (*who is living*) knew any Thing of the Matter.

THESE Gentlemen, you must understand, call up the *Sun* and *Moon*, and put them to Bed just when they please, and are the grand Directors for *Fire and Candle* all over the Nation; and yet so unhappy am I, that I could never find they did the Business, and have been forced to call a *Link*, when I depended upon their *Moon*, and strike a Light, when the *Sun* was promised near half an Hour before. I imagine they shuffle the Words, *Fair, Foul, Changeable*, as the Physician's Servant did his Receipts, and cry with them, *God grant you a good one!*

SINCE.

SINCE then it is pretty plain, that the *Weather* is a grand Instrument and Agent in all our Actions, and that this is a Frailty of our Nature, I beg of my Countrymen, that they will not set up an artificial Folly; but only be out and in Humour as the Temper of the Skies, not the Fancy of the *Almanack-Maker* directs.





Of Female Disguises.



HAVE been long seeking an Occasion to do Honour to the Fair Sex; and though my Endeavours for that Purpose have hitherto proved vain, I was far from despairing of meeting, sooner or later, with a proper Subject and Incentive to my intended Panegyrick. And so violently was my Heart set upon the agreeable Design of extolling *the Fair*, that I wilfully shut my Eyes when any of their Faults and Infirmities came a-cross me, though, as a moral Writer, and a professed Reformer of Manners, I ought to have animadverted upon them.

For this Reason I have not said a Word of the numerous Band of *Petticoat-Pensioners*, who are at this Time in the City, begetting young Merchants and Goldsmiths. But I can no longer forbear acquainting my sober Friends, the Citizens, that they often pay extravagant Wages to Journey-men that never stood behind their Counters, nor set
Foot

Foot within their Ware-houses. They may think it hard to pay an honest Fellow Half-a-Crown to lug about a Brown-Musket for them, when the Train'd-Bands march ; but, let me tell them, they give a much greater Gratuity to a certain sort of Swissers that come from *Covent-Garden*, and carry Arms, in their *Stead*, on another Occasion. Of this I had the following Instance from a Friend of mine the other Day.

Simon Wily is a witty Fellow, who wants only to be known to be lik'd. He is handsome, he sings and dances, and talks genteelly, and with a great deal of Ease. Add to these many Advantages one more, which is of greater Use to *Simon* than all the rest : He can assume the Manner and Humour of any Person whatsoever, when he has any Point to carry with that Person ; he is lewd or pious, pleasant or grave, just as it is for his Turn. These handy Talents have made *Simon* the most popular Whore-Master within the Liberties, and he has lur'd as many Women into his Toils as would set up a *Solomon* or a *Great Turk*. I could repeat many of his Adventures, but shall content my self for the present with one.

THERE was a Lady last Season at *Tunbridge*, who pleased *Simon* in her Person and her Circumstances ; for with him Wealth goes a vast Way in the Embellishment of Beauty. She is the Wife of Sir *Feeble Savory*, Knight and Tallow-Chandler, who is not above five and forty Years older than his aforesaid

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Yoke-Mate. She was a Lady of Sobriety and Devotion, and *Simon* finding he must turn Christian in order to turn Adulterer, grew, in one Day, the most godly Rake that ever pray'd or whor'd: He went constantly and piously to Prayers to commit Sin; and he had not long follow'd this religious Course of Wickedness, before the Lady observ'd him, and took Notice of him to her Acquaintance, as a well-inclin'd young Gentleman, and an uncommon Pattern of Grace and Seriousness. *Simon* was before-hand with her, and prais'd her Person and her Godliness to all that he thought would tell her of it. This mutual-Liking soon improv'd, by our Politician's Art and Management, into close Acquaintance and strict Confidence, and *Simon* was taken into Service and Pay.

AFTER this Kind of Correspondence had been carry'd on for some Time between these two righteous Persons, and Sir *Feeble* all the while kept dutifully in the Dark, the following Accident unhappily open'd his Eyes. *Simon* wanted a small Sum, and Madam promis'd to meet him at Church, and supply him; and thither she came, and Sir *Feeble* along with her. *Simon* was in the next Pew waiting with great Faith and Devotion for an Answer to his Petitions, which my Lady was as forward to fulfill; but, alas! As she convey'd into his Hand a Paper containing in it twenty golden Proofs of her Bounty and his Deservings, the sweet Bundle of Benevolence slipt thro' his Fingers, and falling

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with

with an audible Jingle, scatter'd the yellow Contents about the Seat. Sir *Feeble* heard this shameful Disaster, and saw it; and had not the little fat old Knight fallen asleep after such a cutting Discovery, it is thought he would have got but small Benefit from the Sermon.

WHAT farther Consequences this Detestation has had, and how far it has affected so hopeful an Intrigue, I have not yet been able to learn. This, I know, that *Simon* is not wont to quit easily so gainful an Amour, and that it would gall his high Spirit to be succeeded in my Lady by her Coachman. But, as such a Thing, should it happen, is not without Precedent, *Simon* ought to be comforted.

I take this Opportunity to acquaint Mrs. *Kickup*, that her Husband saw her in a Coach with *Will Blood*, passing thro' *Ludgate*, the Lord knows whither, on Sunday was Seven-night, tho' the good and peaceable-minded Grocer has not yet dar'd to say a Word of it to her, for fear of making her angry or uneasy. But he is a quiet Christian, and excellently qualify'd for the Station and Character in which his Wife has plac'd him; and who can blame a Man for being *content* to go to Heaven?

Lady *Wince* labours to seem chaste, and the Appearance of Modesty costs her great Pains. If you look at her, she frowns, as tho' she thought the Glance of your Eye the Prelude to a Rape; and if you but touch her Hand, tho' to help her to her Coach or

over

over a Gutter, she starts from you, and rebukes you with a Sternness of Aspect, as if you carry'd Temptation and Unchastity on your Fingers Ends. When you mention a Pair of Stockings, she shifts herself in her Seat; and at the Name of a Petticoat, she leaves the Room. But with all this Shyness, Frost, and Virtue, which are inseparable from Lady *Wince* at Home and at Visits, my Friend *Charles Strong* finds her as willing a Tit, when she meets him at her Milliner's, as e'er went to Bed at Noon-Day. Her Husband, who is an honest tippling Knight, but never serv'd an Apprenticeship to Wit nor Plotting, cries, that his Wife is so damn'd rigid to every Thing which wears a Beard, that he cannot humour his Curiosity by tasting the Pleasure or Pain of Jealousy. At this my Lady grunts and shakes her Head, and reproves him for his *beastly Talk*, adding, that were he marry'd to some *vile Woman*, he would soon be cur'd of his Longing. Hereupon the Knight tells her, with a Kiss, that she's a *little Fool*, and knows nothing but Ignorance and Virtue.

I cannot conclude this Essay with a better Moral, than by begging the fair Ladies not to kiss any longer in this Manner; for if they do, I'll tell.



Of the Art of Modern Conversation.

AS Man is a Creature eminently superior to the brute Creation in various Faculties given him, with a kind Design to make him happy, so, 'tis observable, that no Powers are so much abus'd by him, as those in which he particularly excels. Reason is prostituted or resign'd with the easiest Mien and frankest Generosity, when our own Interest, or the Authority of others, demands it. Language conveys Impertinence and Falshood, as familiarly as Wisdom and Truth, which were the original Ends of it; and Laughter is the Applause which we pay to Absurdity and Buffoonry.

Conversation was formerly the Entertainment and Improvement of Men of Sense; but, at present, 'tis only a Term to express the Wasting of our Time genteelly, the Fatigue of doing nothing, and having nothing to do. Some young Gentlemen, possibly, who have not been long enough in Town

to have attain'd a proper Notion of spending their Time elegantly, may be apt to imagine, that to converse fashionably, is to please and instruct; but, that I may rescue 'em from so perverse a Notion, I shall, in this Discourse, give some Account of the Art of *Conversation* in Town, and what Part I bear in it myself. And I think myself very happy if I can prevail on any Youth of a good Family and forward Country Parts, (but such as can never be refin'd by the following Accomplishments) to retire to the Conversation of his Kennel in the Country, the Nursery of those dear Cronies and Fellow-Adventurers of his Ancestors, in all their successful Expeditions, and which are much more innocent, as well as more wholesome Acquaintance, than many he may meet with in Town.

THE great Themes of Town-talk are generally something unknown, because chiefly turning on Points of Scandal, or our own dear Selves; Subjects which naturally encourage a great deal of Eloquence to a much less Quantity of Knowledge or Truth; Custom having happily made an Excess of Knowledge unnecessary to *modish Conversation*; for otherwise, the finest Assemblies in the Nation wou'd not be much different from silent Meetings: A Beau must then be confin'd to the Bagnio or the Masquerade, and a fine Lady to the Toilet or the *New Atlantis*, which are indeed fruitful Topicks, but have been too much exhausted to employ all the fine Mouths

of the polite Part of the Nation; and it would be hard to take the Right of Speaking from those, who, by long and laborious Study all their Lives, have attain'd the exact Art of Opening and Closing the Lips gracefully, to give it to a Parcel of meer Scholars and ugly Fellows, that think their Mouths only made to speak with.

As talking finely implies not so much the Wit or Sense of what you say, as the Manner and agreeable Circumstances of the Delivery of it, I shall principally confine myself to the latter Consideration, in which consists the whole Secret of *modern Conversation*.

AND, first, I most earnestly recommend to all my Scholars an easy Behaviour and fine Mein, the Rudiments of which important Science are not to be taught by Pen and Ink, but I must refer 'em to my good Friends and Fellow-Labourers, the Dancing-Masters of this City, for Instruction therein; to this Accomplishment must be added the Ornaments of a fashionable Dress, in which they must principally consult those good Allies of the Gentlemen above-mention'd, the Taylors of *London* and the Suburbs thereof: But, because there are several Particulars of this Science of Dressing, which are independent on that useful Body, I shall, myself, point 'em out for the Instruction of my Scholars.

AND, in my Opinion, there is nothing so necessary in Conversation as a *Diamond Ring*, tho' most Authors are silent about it. The Art of using it is still more necessary than the

the Thing itself. A just Extension of the Arm towards the Close of a Period, and thereby a proper Discovery of the *Brilliant* on the little Finger, adds an irresistible Force to every Argument; and this, I believe, is the true Reason why the Left Hand has generally a greater Share in every Debate than the Right; now, 'tis a Misfortune to such plain Men as myself, who are not blest'd with the Gift of Persuasion by a Diamond, but are only endow'd with a Pair of Ruffles, which are impartially conferr'd on either Hand, that our Reasoning is as unsuccessful as if we had ne'er an Hand at all. My Advice to my Fellow-Sufferers, is (what I take myself) never to extend both Hands at once in the Warmth of Dispute, upon any Pretence of the Motions being so very easy and familiar, or that both are equally qualify'd for Controversy with Ruffles; for, besides the Robustness and Violence of the Action, we make it thereby self-evident, that we want that great Talent of a Disputant, *a fine Ring*; therefore my Method is ever to extend only the Right Hand, and reserve the other in my Bosom, or in a Glove, or under the Table, which, as I with Pleasure observe, gives my ingenious Antagonists some Perplexity, to discover whether I really want *that Accomplishment*; or else, depending on my own Superiority in the Question, I scorn to bring forth a decisive Argument to insult their Incapacity.

BUT I, who profess myself a Master in that Art of modern Conversation, must by no Means suffer my Pupils to be ignorant, that there are other auxiliary Arguments of great Use in Conversation, besides the triumphant one above-mention'd. A Pair of Ruffles were once very successful, but are now grown so common, that their Force is lost, unless they are of the laced Sort; and here now arise great Disputes among the *Literati* at *Tom's*, whether the *Mechlin* or *Brussels* be preferable. For my Part, I have search'd into this Controversy with all the Care that the Importance of it deserves, and must confess, that in my poor Opinion, the *Brussels* has infinitely the Preference, both in Antiquity and Success, having discover'd, by diligent Inspection into ancient Copies, that *Cicero*, in all his Orations, used *Brussels* Lace both for his Bands and Ruffles; tho' at the same Time (for I wou'd not suppress any Truth) it must be own'd, that the *Beaus*, soon after that Age, run into the Use of *Mechlin*. As for myself, I have so much Love for Peace and Uniformity in Dress, that to avoid giving Offence to either Party, I content myself with *plain Lawn*, and wish that both Parties wou'd be perswaded to lay aside their Prejudices, and sincerely join to promote the Science of Dressing finely, so necessary to modern Conversation.

Upon



Upon the same.



THE Snuff-Box is of infinite Use and Reputation to the fine Talkers of this Island, as well for the social Mein, and the familiar friendly Air it gives the Speakers, as for affording by it self one intire Topick of Discourse, and for inserting several agreeable Parentheses, and many necessary and beautiful Pauses. Under this Head I would acquaint my Disciples, that when they would only please in *Conversation*, any elegant Fancy in the Box is sufficient; but, if they would triumph and bear down in it, they should dazzle and confound their Antagonists with the *richest* they can get.

THE best Fashions of 'em are to be seen (during Prayer-time) at St. James's Church, in those *elegant Conversations* which are form'd to pass away the Fatigue of Divine Service.

My City-Pupils, to their immortal Honour, have one Talent for Conversation, which they may communicate to me when they please, but which I could never have taught them; I mean the Art of introducing a green Purse and a hundred Guineas into every Dispute, and judiciously chinking them in the Hand, to the utter Confusion of the poor destitute Opponent. I earnestly recommend this Method to all my wealthy and dear Pupils, if ever they are in Danger of being beat out of their Argument, that they would only remember to wager their Purse in Defence of it, especially if they suspect the Antagonists Incapacity; Silence then ensues, and the Victory is sure. I have often, as well as my Brother-Authors, submitted to this shameful Defeat; it was an Evil in the Days of my ingenious Ancestor the *Spectator*, who is now, alas, at his long Home, rest his Soul: And no longer ago than last Sunday Night, at a Coffee-House near *Covent-Garden*, I experienc'd it myself: A very pretty Gentleman happen'd to affirm, that *Demme* began with a *T*; upon which I ventur'd to propose some modest Doubts of my own, and appeal'd to the ancient Writings of that *polite Imprecation*: The Debate grew warm, but the Youth was resolv'd to finish it, and offer'd to lay me fifty Pieces that it was *Temme*, and that a certain *Viscount* had always spoke and wrote it so: To which I, Thunder-struck, reply'd, with great Hesitation, *Nay, very likely, my Lord; I won't be positive, I believe it is spelt*
in

in your Manner at both Universities; and so I retreated, determin'd never to persist in the Truth against an embroider'd Suit, 'till I can get fifty Guineas on my Side. This Way of reasoning was certainly first introduc'd by the money'd Men, when they first pretended to *Conversation*, or when our *Wits of Quality* discover'd the Secret of Stock-jobbing, and the Use of ready Money.

THE Sword has a very great Influence on all Debates near the *Guard-Chamber* and the *Tilt-Yard*; some Gentlemen frequenting those Places, not being subject to the Force of any other *Argument* but that, have got a Humour of imposing the same upon the Town. A Brother of that Order, it seems, t'other Day, had no other Way to convince a sawcy Drawer of his Impudence, but by running him thro' the Guts; and the Government, not reasoning with him after the same Manner, he was turn'd off, (the Cart drawing away, as the late Reverend Mr. Lorain observ'd) not at all convinc'd of his Error. These Sword-Arguments were so wonderfully successful in *Flanders*, that *Old Monarchy* at last began to think *Universal Empire* a Design not so practicable; and we have used this *Argument* a little in *England* too. The Duke of *Argyle*, *Cadogan*, *Wills* and *Carpenter*, have been thought very happy *Reasoners*; but since those Disputes are, I hope, by this Time forgot, I declare myself a Son of Peace, and therefore shall not recommend this *Form of Controversy* any more: 'Tis at best, but very nice and difficult

scult Reasoning, and it may be very inconvenient to my *Pupils* in the *City*, and hinder *Trade*. To confess a Secret, since the Rebellion ended, I exchange'd my gilt *Toledo* for a cheaper, and laid out the Ballance upon adorning my Hilt with a Sword-Knot, as an Ensign of Peace, I having never read that any Beau was ever a Soldier.

I might add a great deal on the Science of *saying nothing* in *Conversation*; it would contribute prodigiously to the Repose of publick Places, if these pert, lively, and very familiar Animals, the Beaus, were as dumb as the Apes, of which they are the Representatives: But, on the other Hand, how insolent is that stiff, gloomy, wise, *English* Silence of some of our *Literati*, who will not condescend even to contradict you. I cannot omit one Art, which is so successfully practis'd in every Chocolate-House in Town, I mean that of staring you out of Countenance: I have known a Fellow, conscious of a good Face, and a better Wig, after having meditated on himself in the Glass with great Satisfaction, turn round, and sedately stare a young Fellow of some Sense, tho' more Modesty, out of the Room.

THE Practice of spiteful Whispering in mix'd Companies is another Advantage, which Folly and Ill-breeding have over good Manners and good Nature.

My fond and loving Reader will not (I hope) believe that I have borrow'd any of my Hints in this Treatise from other Authors.

The

The *French* have pretended to teach the Art of pleasing in *Conversation*; but I desire it may be observ'd, that my Design is to teach the true old *English* Humour of triumphing and over-bearing in Disputes. My Country-Folks have been always used to conquer every where, and won't attend to the Fatigue of pleasing any but themselves; but the *French*, whose Part is to be beaten, may take as much Pains to insinuate and please the Victor as they can.

THERE are a great many Arts as necessary to be known as these, which are here laid down; but I would recommend to my Reader the Practice of conversing with himself, and maintaining an Acquaintance with his own Heart: By this Means he will never want Company, which he may direct and reform at Pleasure, and, at last, such as he may justly be pleas'd with; it will atone, in a good Measure, for the stupid or irksome Entertainment which we meet with Abroad, when it is thus in our Power to create better to ourselves at Home.





Of the Use of Speech.



THE Use of Speech, one would think, is a necessary Sort of a Thing, and yet I have a good deal to say against it, having long observ'd, that very many *True Britons* employ their Mouths with a tolerable Grace upon any Exercise except that of Speaking. A Man may eat a Piece of Mutton very *eloquently*, and yet mumble a Story, or an Oration, but awkwardly: Such a one should consider his Jaws as only given to chew with, and his Throat merely for the Purpose of Swallowing; a Lesson which a worthy Country-Gentleman, a *Colonel of the Militia*, of my Acquaintance, seems to have learn'd from his Infancy, and practises with everlasting Success: He is three Yards round the Middle, and has not spoke a Word this Eight and Thirty Years, but to *praise his Hounds*, and *call for more Beer*: His eldest Son, who is also an elder Brother, though he

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he has never a younger, follow closely the Steps and Stupidity of so worthy a Father and Instructor, and never commits the *unnatural Crime* of Talking, unless it be when he enters into a Confabulation with his Beagles, who are the only People that understand his Language. But that is no Wonder, for he can talk in no other Stile but theirs; and indeed he and these his hourly Comrades are so match'd in Disposition and Voice, that he wants nothing but their Shape and *Temperance* to compleat the Likeness which is between them.

I know there are several People, who, not understanding *Logick* and Distinction, alledge, that they have seen both these worshipful Persons, upon some Occasions, earnest in Discourse: But this is a great Mistake; for they only bellow'd, which, in the Opinion of the Criticks, is not Talking: I, myself, have perceiv'd them make Motions, as if they were speaking, and have as often been surpriz'd to see their Mouths open, when they were neither *at Table*, nor in the *Kennel*; but when I attended, with great Wonder, to what these dumb Creatures would utter, I found they had the same Note and Accent in the Parlour as in the Field, and no other; and so I acquitted them presently from the Imputation of Speaking.

I am almost of Opinion, that the Use of Speech does no great Honour to that Man who talks only to shew that he talks Nonsense; and yet this is the Case and the Fate of many

ny most accomplish'd Persons. A Beau, if he would hold his Tongue, might hide his *inward Nakedness*; but while he prates and shews his Teeth, tho' we are convinc'd that his Mouth, or rather his Gums, are well inhabited, we are at the same Time led into a Discovery, that his Head is a dark and unfurnish'd Garret. I should be glad I could, for *their Sakes*, perswade several hopeful young Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, who are distemper'd with an Opinion of their own Parts, to grow cunning and hold their Tongues: I wish this Advice of mine be not *above their Capacity*; I am sure it is for their Interest, and, would they take it, I am almost confident it would be a Secret to many of those who *only see them*, that they are so entirely destitute of Reason, and most other Gifts which come from God.

I have great Compassion upon our Coffee-house Orators, who daily strain their Throats for the Interest of *Christendom*, and judiciously distribute their deep Ignorance and Conjectures to such as stand round them, and have the Courtesy to bear Witness *that they are Ideots*.

THERE was a profess'd Politician the other Day at Tom's, instructing a Beau in State-Affairs, and the Point, which he was then pressing home upon his Pupil, happen'd to be, *That it was safer putting out a Fleet in Summer than in Winter*: This memorable Discovery he made out by two or three unanswerable Arguments, and very new, you may be sure.

sure. The Beau, who seem'd greedy of Knowledge, listen'd to the *Wise Man* with vast Delight, and then, to shew how much he profited by Instruction, answer'd his Tutor in the following Words: *Sir, I take it, the Thing is plain; and if so, there is, I take it, no Dispute in this Matter: And so, Sir, I hold with your Argument, which is, I take it, undeniable; for, when the Sea is safe, I take it, there is no manner of Danger.* During all this long and judicious Speech, he did not pause and take Snuff above four Times, and damn'd his Blood but thrice; and, when he had finish'd it, he was so modest, as only to look at us for Approbation, and not to ask it by Word of Mouth, which yet he seem'd inclinable to do.

It would be great Wisdom in the Fools of this our Island, if they would learn the Sense to smother their Nonsense; and it would be a great Comfort to all who come within Ear-shot of them.

As for me, I have brought myself to be easy in the midst of Noise and Absurdity, by a Method which I would recommend to every Body. When a Simpleton begins to scatter Words, all the Notice I take is, that his Mouth is merry, and dancing a Horn-pipe to the Tabor of his Throat; and I cannot but think an honest foolish Fellow may lawfully play with his own Chaps, as well as with his Legs or his Cane.

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I have carry'd my Humour farther yet in this Case: With me, every Man who talks falsely or foolishly, does not talk at all. No, I am resolv'd that the dishonest Speaker, and the ridiculous Prater, are and shall be dumb Men; and I wish, for the Peace and Ease of the World, that all Mankind were of my Opinion: A braying Booby would not then disturb us, nor a knavish Orator mislead us.

I am so delighted with this philosophical Artifice of mine, that I often go to see a Man speak, on purpose not to hear him; it is therefore no Wonder that I have in my Time beheld both Lawyers and Divines eloquently dumb for an Hour or two together; I have found all Mountebanks more copious and silent than any other Sort of Men, except their *elder Brothers of Warwick-lane*; and no People in the King's Dominions are so vehemently and so learnedly mute as Politicians and Criticks.

THE first that calls a Man a Fool is himself, and others do but take it from his own Mouth. When a weak Person shuns a Discovery, *by keeping his Tongue within his Teeth*, as the Proverb has it, we generally assign a kind Cause for his Silence, and believe it to be the Effect of good Sense, which is never very forward; but if his Tongue betrays him, and shews him a *soft Head*, the World is not to blame for passing Sentence, when he himself has confess'd the Guilt.



*Of the Punishment of staying at Home
on Sunday: In a Letter to a Lady.*

TO be sure, Madam, I shall never play the Truant from Church another Sunday, if I am able to go Abroad. Mrs. ——— going thither this Afternoon, would not permit her little Dogs to accompany her, for Fear of wetting their Feet; but left them under my Care at Home; a *Trust* which brought me no small Fear and Vexation, as the Sequel will inform you.

I had scarce turn'd over a Leaf in Dr. *Til-
lotson*, when I was alarm'd with an unusual Rumbling over my Head: *Some Rogues, I warrant* ye, thought I with myself; they are got into the *House*, believing there is no Body at Home; for I was shut up in the Parlour: With that I stepp'd to my Sword, which stood peaceably behind the Clock, and, having drawn it, stole softly up Stairs, and advanc'd with great Boldness towards the Door,

Door, from whence the Noise came, carrying my Point before me; but when I enter'd, with *Villains and Robbers* at my Tongue's End, I found nothing worse in the Chamber, than two little Shock-Dogs at play upon a Table: Shame and Anger now possess'd me, instead of my late Resolution and Magnanimity, and I sneak'd down Stairs, driving, however, the Enemy before me.

NEITHER pleas'd with myself nor my Adventure, I sat down to compose my Spirits, and smook a Pipe; but, while I was filling it, I heard a Rustling and Scratching somewhere near me, but could not see what caus'd it: Having look'd high and low, and being still at a Loss, *This*, says I, *must certainly be Goody Wrinkle, — I remember I deny'd the old Witch a Pipe of Tobacco two Months ago, and now she is come to be reveng'd:* Whilst I was speaking I heard something fall, which calling Abroad my Eyes, I perceiv'd the Pepper-Box rolling along the Boards, without any Assistance; and, before I had Time to bless myself, a Salt-cellar, of its own Accord, came trundling after it.

THIS confirm'd my Apprehensions, and I lifted up my Hands, and would certainly have fallen upon my Knees, had not a sudden Discovery prevented me; the Cat had got into the Beaufette among the Glasses, and given Life and Motion to the above-nam'd Utensils, and set them a travelling.

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Door

I was glad to find it was no worse, and, taking her by the Tail, endeavour'd to pull her down; but, Puss, resolving to maintain her Ground, closely embrac'd a Glass Decanter, and sternly display'd her outrageous Fangs at me: This wrathful Threat'ning from the Cat put new Dread into me, almost as great as the last, and I stood trembling and praying for myself and the Decanter, and devising Means to save both of us: At last I bethought me of the Poker, which I had put into the Fire to kindle my Pipe with, and taking it from thence, clapp'd it red-hot to her Nose: This awaken'd fresh Fury in my Adversary, and she flew directly at me; but, missing my Face, did me no Harm.

THESE several Frights being over, I again betook myself to Dr. Tillotson; but alas, Madam, Misfortunes never come single! A Whelp just come from Nurse had got under the Grate, and a Coal falling upon him, he set up such a lamentable Outcry as discompos'd me more than all my past Fears had done; for I hate Noise mortally, as much as you fine Ladies hate a Cat or an old Bachelor: I therefore ran out of Doors with all my Might, and staid in the Stable (for it rain'd) half an Hour good, 'till the Creature had done bewailing himself.

ONCE more, with as much Calmness as one in my Circumstances could practice, I plac'd myself in my Chair, and was summoning into my Thoughts divers Arguments for the Exercise of Patience. *To be moved and trans-*

transported, said I, upon little Provocations, argues a little Spirit. Passion, like other ill Habits, improves by Indulgence. He who cannot bear Noise, must cork himself up in a Bottle, and never look Day-light in the Face. What if I had been bred a Miller, or a Brazier, or, which is worse than either, been marry'd for my Sins to the Countess of ———?

As I was thus chastizing myself, Slut and Chloe went to Loggerheads about a Bone, fiercely and loudly; the little Beagle stood at a Distance and bark'd; Tray grumbled, and snatch'd away the Prize from them all; and then they all with open Mouths fell upon him.

IN this Confusion and Uproar, what does me poor I do, but fret and storm, and seize once more my faithful Weapon, the Poker. But as I started from my Seat to command the Peace, I unluckily trod upon the Tail of the said Youngster, who exalted his Throat louder than ever.

I now lost all Patience: I over-turn'd the Table, threw away the Poker, and took for other Race to the Stable. Having there curs'd my Stars, and supported the Manger another half Hour, I made bold to return, and clear'd the House of all the Dogs that were in it.

HOPING now for some Respite and Ease I threw myself into my Chair, but so peevish and discompos'd, that neither Divinity nor Tobacco would go down with me. All I could do was to cut my Nails and gaze

on the Fire. In short, I look'd as simple as I
used to do when you, Madam, look'd coy.

BUT even this stupid Condition of mine
had Quietness in it, and therefore I was not
suffer'd to enjoy it long. The excluded Currs
kept scraping and yelping at the Door, and
so fill'd me with new Rage and Resentment.
So I pulled my Hat off the Pin where it hung,
and running to the Door full speed, opened
it to my restless Foes, and left the House,
with a hearty Prayer, to themselves.

I am now at a publick House, making my
Complaint to you. If you, Madam, do not
hear and pity me, I know none else that will.
Continue always a good merry Maid, 'till
Heaven and yourself permit me to make you
otherwise.

I am, MADAM,

Your most affectionate

humble Servant.





Of Criticism.



LESS me! That the learned *Art of Criticism* should grow so cheap and common! Now a-Days *Porters* and *Prentices* examine *Wit*, and hold *Sessions* upon the *Stage*. But all Things are fallen from their first Dignity! **RELIGION**, as unlikely as it may seem to the *present Generation*, was, *many Ages ago*, a Thing that no Body was asham'd of; though in this *our Day*, neither the *Great* nor the *Fashionable* will so much as keep its Company. The same may be said of *Learning* and *Philosophy*, and, in Truth, of all *Arts* and *Virtues*.

THE *Trade of a Butcher* was once upon a Time a great *Mystery*, and a *noble Science*, and none could administer it but the *holy Priests*, who are therefore by *Mr. Dryden* call'd *holy Butchers*; whereas, in *our Time*, any Fellow that can but *Murder* and *Flay*, is forsooth, a *Butcher*.
And

And just so it has far'd with the *genteel* and *ancient Calling of Criticism*.

I remember a *Haberdasher's Boy* was once in my Hearing tart upon the *Tragedy of Cato*, and wish'd he could have had some *serious Talk* with *Mr. Addison*, before he had given his Play to the Actors; for, says this delightful young Son of the Beaver, in some Places he is too *copious and concise*, and in others too *careless and laborate*. And, I am told, that a *virtuous Lady*, who sells *Strong-Waters* in *Drury-Lane*, declar'd against carrying about *Bajazet* in an *Iron Cage*; for that such Usage was not agreeable to *Hereditary Right*.

BUT what surprises me the most of all, when I consider this Matter, is, that a venerable Person, *far stricken in Years*, and a *Parson's Wife* into the Bargain, should neglect her *Pipe* and her *Juniper-Bottle*, to blot Paper and scold at Plays: But old Women, when they doat and grow Feeble, will be *slav'ring* and *railing* at the *License* and *Vigour of Youth*. A poor *impotent Animal*, that *sloops* and *drivels*, is naturally provok'd and upbraided at that Force and Fire which it cannot reach.

FROM this very Cause it is, that an * *aged Creature* in the Country, one *Corinna*, who has it seems been an old *Nibbler at Wit*, is, notwithstanding her utter Loss of *Teeth* and

* A Pamphlet, call'd *Critical Remains* upon the four Plays of the Season. By *Corinna, a Country Parson's Wife*.

Understanding, mumbling and sputtering at a Performance or two, that have the Merit and good Fortune to make the *old Woman* angry. Lord! Lord! That some People should be accursed, to live 'till Stupidity and Bitterness are their only *remaining* Talents.

THE Plays which this bitter *Old Body* pretends to write Remarks upon, are four, *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, *The Masquerade*, *Chit Chat*, and *Bafiris*.

OF the two Comedies I shall say little; the *Masquerade* I have not read, nor do I hear of any Body that ever did: To write a Critique upon it, would be like discharging a great Gun against an *Insect*. *Nonsense*, as *Hudibras* says, *being neither true nor false*, is therefore ever safe, ever unanswerable: O happy Author! Thou may'st write eternally with eternal Impunity.

Pass we also over the *Chit Chat*.

OF the two Tragedies I need say nothing: The Great *Sir Walter* makes a posthumous Figure on the Stage, nowise unworthy of his memorable and illustrious Life; but for our *Egyptian Heroe*, he, talks *sublime Coptick*, and is above every *English* Understanding, the Author's not excepted.

I fell into these Reflections upon reading the following Letter: The Author of it, having a Fancy to do a Penance, which no Body else has yet done but himself, was so singular, as to read a *few Pages* of the *Critical Remarks*, from which, however, he has learn'd

learn'd to write a Receipt how to make such another *Critick* as is the aforesaid *Old Woman*.

THE *Badness of the Hand* put me in Doubt at first, whether the Letter came from a *Man of Wit*, or a *Man of Quality*; but by the good Sense and good Spelling he cannot be a *Lord*.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

“ AS you have well shewn how a *Man*
 “ may speak a great deal and yet say
 “ nothing, so I desire you would take No-
 “ tice, that another Person may write a good
 “ Quantity, and yet not have thought at all :
 “ For all the Truth of this Observation, we
 “ see People go on every Day to publish
 “ themselves Fools in Print, and have the
 “ good Fortune to meet as many silly read-
 “ ing Admirers, as your eloquently dumb Men
 “ find *Listeners* and *Starers*. One of our Po-
 “ ets has hit this very well in that excellent
 “ Line,

*As Charms are Nonsense, Nonsense is a
 Charm ;*

“ and, if you, Sir, are not convinc'd of it,
 “ pray read over the late *Critical Remarks*
 “ on four Plays, the Off-spring of a dull su-
 “ perannuated Sowness, and a mechanical Dis-
 “ position of technical Terms and Phrases.

" I could get no farther than the Remarker's
 " Criticism on Sir *Walter Raleigh*, before it
 " came into my Head, that Criticks are the
 " most easily made of all the *Insects* of Wri-
 " ters; and immediately drew up the follow-
 " ing *Receipt*, how to compleat a perfect Mo-
 " dern of that Denomination.

" TAKE a good Quantity of *Stage-Terms*
 " from any old or modern Critick: *Aristotle*
 " is the best for those who can read *Greek*:
 " A smaller Genius may be well furnish'd
 " from the *Retail Shops*, of *Horace*, *Rapin*,
 " *Dacier*, &c. An unmix'd *English Critick*
 " must deal only in the *Essay on Poetry* and
 " the *Rehearsal*. N. B. These two last have
 " kept an ancient dry *Stick of Poetry*, and
 " afforded him *Rum* to make his *Voice intel-*
 " *ligible* for some Years.

" WHEN you have got your *Terms* toge-
 " ther, you must be very careful in the *sort-*
 " *ing of them*. The *Greek* and *English* will
 " by no Means mix, without the cementing
 " Quality of the soft *French Language*: The
 " *Latin* look best alone, but ought ever to
 " be stinted to a *Line* and a half, or, at most,
 " two *Lines*: The oftner the *French* appears,
 " the better it discovers a *bon goust*, as you
 " may see in certain unselling *Dialogues* of
 " the *Art of Poetry*.

" THE *Terms* to be recommended to a
 " perfect *English Critick*, are principally *Fa-*
 " *ble*, *Manners*, *Moral*, and *Sentiments*.

THESE

“ THESE, artfully or unartfully ranged,
 “ are sufficient to make a tolerable *Critick*.
 “ But if you have a Mind to make the *Receipt*
 “ more intoxicatingly infallible, you must
 “ manage it thus:

“ As soon as you have nam'd the Word
 “ *Fable*, it being a Word of hard and doubt-
 “ ful Signification, tell what *it is*, and what
 “ *it is not*; that is, make it as *obscure* as
 “ you can for your Heart, Blood, and Life:
 “ Spare no Ink on this Occasion, it will cast
 “ such a Cloud about the Reader's Under-
 “ standing, that he will take all the rest
 “ upon your Word. As you begun with this
 “ Word, you must wind up your Bottom
 “ with it; and indeed it is as kind and ma-
 “ nageable a Word in *Criticism*, as *Church* is
 “ in *Politicks*, and will do Execution where-
 “ ever it stands.

“ If you have Time upon your Hands, and
 “ the *Bookseller* is not *importunate* for Copy,
 “ or yourself uneasy for Money, you should
 “ explain *Manners* and *Sentiments*, and shew
 “ how they *differ*, and yet *don't differ*; that
 “ they are *like*, and very *unlike*; and, in
 “ fine, that no Body understands them but
 “ *yourself*, and no Body shall understand them
 “ for you.

“ As for *Moral*, that requires a great deal
 “ of Pains, especially if the Poet you write
 “ against has plainly pointed it out through
 “ the Performance, and drawn it up in a
 “ short Compass at the End. Here is the
 “ Difficulty——*Hic labor, hoc opus*. Some
 “ reckon

“ reckon it the best Way to say, you did not
 “ read to the Conclusion, others think you
 “ should affirm against your Eye-sight, that
 “ you could not see it; but the best Way
 “ is to call it *improper, ridiculous, uninstru-*
 “ *ctive, &c.*

“ N. B. It is absolutely necessary to tell the
 “ Reader you are the most learned *Man of*
 “ *the Age*, for Fear he should not find that
 “ Secret out: Neither can it be amiss to say,
 “ your Author is but just come from *School*,
 “ that People may not suspect you ought to be
 “ sent *thither*.

“ By this *Recipe*, Sir, you see, how easy it
 “ is for a Man to write against any *Theatrical*
 “ Performance, whether Ancient or Modern;
 “ and, I hope, that with your own Thoughts
 “ you will make this publick, in *usum Critice-*
 “ *rum Juvenilium*.

I am yours,

R. B.



The



The Art of Begging.

GET. Money, said a wiser Man than you or I, honest Reader: That is the Precept, but he went no farther, leaving the Business of *Committee-Men, Ways and Means*, to the peculiar Turn of Thought, or Bias of Invention of every individual *Money-Getter*.

Of all the Methods made Use of to attain this great End, I believe it will be allow'd, That he who gains his Point the easiest Way is the wisest Person: For Instance, I know there are *Gold and Silver Mines* in *Peru and Mexico*, but then I consider it is at a very inconvenient Distance, and a thousand Toils and Dangers must be undergone, before I have a Chance to pocket an *Ingot* of either. What is to be done in this Case? I can't go to them, and they will not come to me. In this Plunge of Affairs I resolve to pick it up

by Crowns, Guineas, and Moidores at Home, and yet not take any more Pains for it, than a frequent Use of my Lungs, an artful Modulation of my Voice, or some other more polite Artifice of picking my Neighbour's Pocket. *Let the Spaniards and Portuguese sail to the Indies, the Dutch and my honest Countrymen chop upon them in their Way back, and take half their Prize, said the honest Beggar upon his Truss of Straw in Lincolns-Inn Fields, and I will have some of their Money without stirring one Foot from this Spot of Earth.* Accordingly he tunes his Voice, raises his Pipe to a Pity-drawing Pitch, and a Shower of Copper falls into his Lap, which he converts at the next Brandy-Shop into true Sterling.

WE say, that when Nature is deficient in one Part, she makes Amends in another; and the Observation is no where so true as in Beggars. If she sends a Creature from the Womb Legg-less, and of Consequence a Dependant upon the next Turners Shop for Deputy Supporters, she ever supplies him with much Brawn for a natural Cushion, as knowing him more inclinable to the Sedentary than the Peripatetic Philosophy. If she puts out his Eyes, she enlarges the Sense of Feeling, and makes him an acute Distinguisher between Brass and Silver: If she chops of the Arms, she, in Return, stretches the Wind-Pipe, dilates the Thorax, and makes him capable of talking longer and more to the Purpose than a Female Scold.

THIS

THIS is the common, coarse, and *ungenteel* Way of *Begging*, an *Art* of long standing, and very much in Use since the Days of *Guzman*, and *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the Mention of whose very Names brings to my Mind an odd Observation, *viz.* That the *richest* People in the World have most improv'd the *Art of Begging*; which can proceed from no other Reason, than that *Riches* beget *Laziness*, and *Pride* is always a *Bubble* to *Cunning*.

Now for the *genteel Art of Begging*, which is nothing but the same Thing in a clean Disguise, or under the Management of a better directed Policy.

THAT illustrious Beggar, the Church of Rome has exceeded all, both ancient and modern Professors of this Science: She is so fond of the Practice, that she has instituted a Religious Order under the Denomination of *Mendicants*. These strolling Saints she unconscionable sends Abroad to feed or starve, at the Discretion of their *Christian Brethren*, tho', indeed, it is no where found that any of this Sect ever dy'd of *Hunger* or *Drought*. If the Appearance of their Nakedness, and the Ruefulness of their Countenances will not procure *Belly-Timber*, they have a private Dispensation-Pocket for a Supply in Time of Necessity. You shall see one of these holy Vagabonds stare a Country Fellow out of Six-pence in a Moment; another shall coin Money as fast as he can cross his Breast or Forehead: But if *Charity* (as it is but too

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apt)

apt) grows cold, an *Ave-Marie*, or some unintelligible Scrap of bad *Latin* trickles thro' the By-Standers Ear, runs down immediately into his Breeches, searches the *Fob*, and, as infallibly as an *Indian Diver*, draws up something valuable.

THERE is one Thing that amazes me very much, which is familiar with these eleemosynary *Knights-Errant*, viz. the frequent naming of *Heaven* and *Christ*, which it is plain they borrow'd from their *elder Brothers* the common *Beggars*. Methinks it is beneath the refin'd Genius of these spiritual Pilferers, to condescend so low, as to rob the *Spittle* of the two best Words they have to go to Market with. Upon this Consideration I recommend, out of pure Compassion to the inferior Tribe of *Mendicants*, the Word CHURCH, which now-a-days signifies much more than *Christ* and *Heaven* put together; only desiring that for so useful a Hint they will use me as they do the POPE, and allow me *Peter's Pence*, or the *Beggars Tithe-Money*.

OUR Friends of the Church of Rome don't stop here, they have a farther Reach with them than to be contented with a single Method of genteel Bubbling. The Fellow at Rome thought himself a witty Wag, when he had taught his BIRD to get him a comfortable Subsistence from the *Emperor*; but he was a poor Genius to these, who have instructed *Bones*, old *Shoes*, and *musty Teeth*, to do twenty Times more Feats, and make *Quicksilver* of every Pilgrim's *Cash*.

You

You may go into a *Church*, and see a *Piece* of *Stone* nodding a *Man* out of half his *Patrimony*, and beckoning the *Acres* near the *Church-yard* to become *Holy Land*.

TAKE another *Turn*, and at the next *Corner* there stands a *Piece* of *Crying Wax-work*, that makes your *Purse* bleed to the last *Drop*.

HALF a *Joint* of consecrated *Mummy sweats* an honest *Starer* out of *Lands* and *Tenements*; and an old *Tomb* very elegantly sounds forth, an *Offering*, an *Offering*.

IF a *Man* were to run over all the sanctify'd *Trumpery* that bids you stand and deliver your *Money*, there would be no *End* of this genteel *CHEAT*, or religious *Begging*.

I have done with it at present, and take my *Leave* of my *Reader* with a *Promise* of an *Essay* on *Protestant Begging*, within and without *Doors*; with an *Appendix* on *Prose* and *Poetical Begging*, which, together, will make a complete *Treatise* of *Genteel Begging*.





Of Anger.

IT is the Business of Philosophy to teach the Passions Obedience to Reason, which is the only Guide we have, in *moral Life*, to shew us what is *Good*, and what is *Evil*. But when Reason has once painted out to us what merits our *Choice* and what our *Aversion*, it is the particular Office of the Passions to *animate* us to *take* or *reject* accordingly. They give us a *Briskness* and *Vivacity*, which *bare moral Considerations* are too cold to prompt us to.

Reason is like an *old Man*, full of *Prudence* and *Sagacity*, who judges excellently, but wants *Vigour* and *Agility* to *act*; *she* therefore makes Use of her *Ministers*, the *Passions*, to execute her Counsel and Purposes. *Reason* shews the *Goal*, and the *Passions* animate the *Race*,

Race, which succeeds or miscarries, just as they regard or neglect the *Laws* and *Precepts* which *Reason* gives them.

As there is nothing more *lawless* than the *Passions*, when they are left to themselves, what a miserable *Slave* must that *Person* be who gives himself up to their *Dominion*? All he studies is *present* Gratification, let the Consequence be what it will, the *Gallows* or *Damnation*. One *Libertine*, for the Enjoyment of a beastly Strumpet, poison'd with Quicksilver and the Pox, flings away his Health, and risques his Soul, kills, or rather murders his innocent Wife, and most paternally entails *Rottenness* and an *infamous Example* upon his Posterity. Another, mad with Wine and *Wrath*, runs his Sword into a poor Man's Heart, and sends him into another World, *with all his Sins upon his Head*; and, perhaps, at the same Time, make Beggars of a *Widow* and a House full of *Children*, who all depended upon *that one Life*. A Third is under the absolute Governance of Pride or Ambition, and ruins his Fortune and his Family by Expence and Equipage; and makes himself Little, by striving to be Great, and Poor by endeavouring to be Rich.

ALL these are Instances, and many more might be given, of the mad Mischief which is done by the *Passions*, when they are suffer'd to act independently upon *Reason*.

INTENDING

INTENDING to bestow the rest of this Paper in some Considerations about the *Passion of Anger*, I shall in the first Place define it. And *Anger*, I take to be a *sudden Blaze of Pride*, which, for the Interest of *Self-Love*, rebels against Reason. Mr. Hobbs has defin'd it, a *sudden Desire to overcome present Opposition*.

As it is the most foolish and brutal Passion, when let loose, it is no Wonder that it generally disappoints it self, and misses its *End*, by choosing the most *violent Means*, which are *seldom successful*. This is so true, that if you would effectually defeat a Man in his Purposes, your surest Way is to make him *angry*. Every one may observe, that in the Business of Controversy and Disputation, a *good Cause* is often lost, and a *superior Understanding* worsted, by no other Force or Stratagem than that of a cool Temper. An Adversary that stands upon never so bad a Bottom, is certain to gain Ground in Proportion to the Heat he puts you in; and the most shrewd and dangerous Antagonists are such as cannot be provok'd. Fury, indeed, is not so formidable as it is ridiculous; for it *acts Nonsense* as well as talks it; and it would be very strange, if he who has his Reason about him, cannot be too cunning for *Absurdity*, and escape the Effects of it.

Hannibal, and most other great and successful Commanders, were celebrated for Calmness of Temper, and beat their Enemies without being angry at them: They broke their
Heads

Heads in Love, as *Hob* says, in the *Country Wake*. The same *Hannibal* knew so well the *Folly* and *Inconvenience* of the contrary *Disposition*, that he study'd nothing more than to provoke the *Roman Generals*, and make them *quarrelsome*; and when he had rais'd their *Choler*, so as to offer him *Battle*, or, in the *modish Phrase*, to challenge him, he who was a plaguy fighting Fellow, but of a devilish peaceable Mind, fought them with great *Fortitude*, but no *Anger*, and took away their *Laurels* and their *Lives* with all the *Christian Meekness* imaginable. The very same Policy made him victorious many Years over the Conquerors of the World; 'till *Fabius Maximus* put a Stop to his Conquests and his Career, by practising his own Arts. This *Fabius* was a brave old Fellow in his Person, but a great Coward for the *Commonwealth*. He had so much *Coolness* in his Blood, that the *Wags* of that Time christen'd him *Fabius the Slow*. But it was well for the *Romans* he was so; for that very *Dulness* of his, which he maintain'd in Spite of *Insults* from the Enemy, and *Reproaches* from his own Officers, sav'd his Country, and he broke the Power and Measures of the *Carthaginian*, purely by being in a good *Humour*.

ANOTHER General has liv'd since, and perhaps the only one, who, with all *Hannibal's* Temper and Policy, has exceeded him in Conquests and Success.

ANGER

ANGER is equally mischievous in other *Arts and Professions* as in *War*. I wish our *Divines*, of all *Sides*, would learn a little more *Meekness* in their *Disputes*; it would shew them, that want it, both better *Christians* and wiser *Men*. I am sure neither the *Spirit of God*, nor *human Reason*, is of a *Party* with *Fierceness* and *Uncharitableness*; nor is that *Religion*, which is opposite to *Peace* and *Prudence*. That Man who *raves*, and does, as it were, *make War* for the *Peace* of the *Church*, and rebels against the *Meekness* of *Christianity* for the *Sake of Christianity*, is like to meet with little *Credit* and *Esteem* among those who are either *good-natur'd* or *godly*.

WHAT an unreasonable *Passion* is *Anger*! The quarrelsome Person shall provoke you to provoke him, and then abuse you for having gratify'd him: Or, if you keep your Temper and your Tongue, Disappointment administers Fuel to his Rage, and his *Wrath* burns because yours does not. Thus *Passion* and *Patience* are equally impotent against the *Outrageous*, who think themselves insulted by the former, and contemned by the latter.

IT is a great Mistake to imagine that *Wrath* discharges itself by *Words* and *Scolding*; for *Contention* inflames and keeps it alive, and is like throwing *Salt* upon a *Pan* of *Coals*.

IF we make a Shift to repel our *Passions*, (says a great *French Moralist*) it is more owing to their *Weakness* than to any *Ability* of *Ours*.

As all *Anger* in *Excess* implies the Subjection of *Reason* to *Wrath*, it is a Jest to call the *Weaker* to resist or subdue the *Stronger*. Our Understanding therefore must be rouz'd to our Aid against the *first* Insurrection of *Choler*, else it will come too late.

REASON in *Anger*, is like a *Ship* in a Tempest, hurry'd away by the Waves, and often overfet.





Of Avarice.

AVARICE, or the inordinate Desire of what we do not want, or of what others possess, is, in its Effects, the most comprehensive and most wicked of all the Passions and Vices, and of the most general ill Tendency. There is nothing which so much disturbs the *Peace* and *Property* of Mankind. If every Man would be but content with *his own*, every Man might quietly enjoy *his own*: But when ever *Avarice* bids us *take*, we will still be finding Reason to follow its Advice; and, indeed, considering the Corruption of Mankind, and how much we are prompted by evil Inclinations and Examples, the Wonder is not great, if, when we are *our own Judges*, we generally give *Sentence* in Favour of ourselves.

WHEN

WHEN we look upon a Thing which is none of *ours* with a *desiring Eye*, we do not trouble ourselves to remember that the *present Owner* may have as much Occasion for it as we have. We only consider what we want to make us happy or easy; and, for the Comfort of the Person whom we plunder, we are graciously pleas'd to imagine, that *his* Heart is not so violently set upon what we covet from *him*, as *ours* are; and so we very civilly, and in the Depth of our *Philosophy* take it for granted, that because we have violent Appetites, therefore *he* has none at all, but can, without losing his Temper, surrender a Thing, which we must part with our Mercy and Honesty to come at. The Removal of our own Uneasiness, tho' ever so unreasonable, is of more Importance to us, than even the Misery of *another*, and all we mind is what we want, and not what *another* loses. All the Passions are *ungenerous* and *selfish*, but *Avarice* more particularly centers at *Home*.

WHAT Passion or Appetite is there, which is not an Underling and a Tool to *Avarice*? Ambition is an *Avarice* of Power, and Hunger is an *Avarice* of Food; Pride is an *Avarice* of Respect, and Cruelty of Revenge; and Love is an *Avarice* of possessing what is beautiful, or what appears so.

It is the Quality and *Curse* of this *Passion*, that it can never be *satiated*: It still urges to be possessing, and yet can never enjoy what it already does possess. The Fruition
of

of what itself brings, would be its Destruction; for its Business and Drift being to *have much*, the *making Use* of any Part would be to *break the Stock*; and that would consequently be to *have less*, and is therefore opposite to its *Nature and Ends*.

It is not necessary to the Gratification of this Passion, which, indeed, can never be gratify'd, that the covetous Person *succeeds*, and *fills his Bags* as fast as he can cram them: For it is not enough that he *has* receiv'd a great deal, but he must *be still* receiving: Nor then is it possible he should be satisfy'd, because he *can never receive* so much as he would *receive*. What he has already is as nothing, for he cannot touch it, nor can he tell why he desires it.

THE *ordinary and lawful Use* of *Wealth and Riches*, is to supply the Necessities of Life in *ourselves and others*; and their *only Advantage* lies in the *Application*. There may be, and often is, an *ill Use* made of them; they often corrupt the Mind, propagate Vice, and help to carry on very wicked Ends and Purposes; and yet even then their Circulation is of great Benefit, and *many* are the better for them, and *Good* comes, as it were, out of *Evil*. But the Man of *Avarice*, by hoarding them up, prevents their doing Service to others, without being the better for them himself; and *all the Use* he makes of them is *not to use them*.

No Mortal is so miserable from his own inborn Spirit as a *covetous Man*. A choleric Fellow does not always boil with Wrath, but is sometimes pleas'd and at Rest. Food allays Hunger, and Lasciviousness meets with a Cure, or at least an Allay in Enjoyment. Some Blood, and a Life or two, put an End to Revenge. A few Cringes and *humble Faces* satisfy the *proud Person*; and a *white Staff*, or a *Crown*, would probably pacify the *ambitious Lunatick*, if he were sure to keep these his darling *Ensigns of Power*. And, to name no more, an oily *admiring Dedication* or two can give *good Humour* to a *Sowr Grandee* fond of Praise, and make a *foolish Lord* look wonderful *Serene*. But *Covetousness alone* is a dry stupid Passion which never abates; it cannot cool, for it is always cool. Were there any Thing of Violence in it, or Heat of Blood, there might be some Hopes of curing it, or, at least, of bringing it to Intermision; but having nothing volatile nor warm in it, it is only a *dull industrious Passion*, a Drudge of a Vice, without a Bit of Fire in it, and consequently quite destitute of all Delight. The Heat of a Passion implies a Pleasure in the Gratification of it; but this is a lifeless icy Appetite, incapable of being tickled or allay'd.

AVARICE is the natural Vice of Old Age; which shews that its Strength lies in the Decay of Life. Old Age, enjoying no longer the Reputation which attends the being agreeable and young, would borrow a Reputation

Reputation from Money, which is an Idol so universally worshipp'd; as Ladies betake themselves to *Devotion*, to recover that Admiration which was once paid to their *Faces*, and grow godly to gain Hearts.

WHEN Youth and Beauty are no more, the Power and Dependance which once waited on them, are preserv'd or retriev'd by the *Credit* or *Lustre of Wealth*. Thus Policy supplies the Place of Strength, and Art is the Substitute and Prop of failing Nature.

As *Coveteousness* is an old Man's Vice, it must bring a double *Discredit* upon a young Fellow, who is tainted with it, as it is a fordid and *unamiable* Quality, and as it implies an Absence of *Heat* and *Spirits*; neither of which is any *Recommendation* to the *Favour* of the *Fair*. For Confirmation of this, we may observe, that a young Spark of the greatest *Fire*, is very often the greatest *Prodigal*.

THERE are many of the *Avaritious* who conceal their *Wealth* from all the World, and so have neither the Comfort nor the Credit of it. What out-of-the-way Satisfaction these rich poor Creatures can have in their Pelf I cannot guess, unless, perhaps, it gives them a Figure in their own Eyes, and they heap up Gold to make themselves in Love with themselves.

BUT nothing is so surprizing and so out of Nature, as the Anxiety and Care which some Men take how their Money will be laid out when they are in their Graves. Old

Bibliopolus is worth a hundred and fifty thousand Pounds: He starv'd himself to get it, and still starves himself to keep it. He is past Eighty, and must soon abandon his Life, which is his Pelf; but it rends the Heart of *Bibliopolus*, that *his Heir* may possibly keep a *Coach*, and fill his *Belly*.



of



Of Death.

THERE are some Topicks which are familiarly in the Mouth of every one, and engross almost all Conversation; but which, upon Presence of their great Gravity and suppos'd Importance, are thought to be forbidden to the Pen of an *Humorist*; such as Religion, Politicks, and I desire my Reader not to be too much shock'd, if I add *Death*.

THIS last is a Theme generally fill'd with abundance of Horror and Melancholly by some, and treated with as much negligent Ease and Indifference by some few others. As for my Part, I own, I almost begin to be of Opinion, (notwithstanding all the elaborate Arguments of the ingenious Mr. *Asgill* to the contrary) that sometime or other we must most of us submit to that awful Necessity of Nature, *Death*. In pursuance of this Opinion, I shall examine the various Ideas which

which different Sorts of People have annex'd to this Monosyllable, that none of my Readers may be ignorant of a Lesson, which must, in some Sort or other, be practis'd by 'em all.

DEATH, in the Mouth of a *military Man*, means only his *Trade*, and, when he speaks of it as the Fate of his *Enemy*, he thinks himself very fortunate, and his *Enemy* half ruin'd. 'Tis no more to a *Soldier*, than *Bankruptcy* is to a *Trader*: It must be ventur'd; if he thrives 'tis well; if not, 'tis but *shutting up*, and there's an End.

THE *Physician*, in like Manner, thinks of Death in a Way of Trade; but with this Difference, that Death is the Physician's Creature more absolutely than the Soldier's. The War is so abstemious, as not to devour above ten or twenty Thousand in a whole Campaign; but the Triumphs of Physick, within the Bills of Mortality, are abundantly illustrated in those elegant weekly Records, compos'd to the Honour of *Esculapius*, and sung or said by the Company of Parish-Clarks in and round this Metropolis. I cannot but congratulate my Reader upon one Paragraph which I have lately seen in one of these Compositions. There have been two great Spirits in this City, that were resolv'd to elude the Fatality of Physick; and, since Death was some Time or other so inevitably certain, they were determin'd, however, to chuse their own Poison, and make the Misfortune as easy to 'em as they could: In

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short,

short, they both greatly dy'd their own Way, and thereby gave Occasion to this Clause among the Casualties of that Week, viz. *Of excessive drinking of Geneva, Two.*

BUT to the Comfort of the poor World, it is to be remember'd that *these Physicians* are not immortal themselves; and the many ten Thousands they send before them will have the Pleasure of seeing the Manslayers sometime hence tumble after 'em. We have had a late Instance of this; t'other Day poor *Garcio*, that best of Cut-throats, was depopulating human Nature with great Alacrity and Politeness; but now such is the Force of Physick and Prescriptions, by the Assistance of his Brother *Homicides*, he is departed himself.

DEATH, in the Language of a Lover, means Rapture, Heaven, Transport, Panting, Sighing, Looking, Wishing, Love, Life, Immortality, and Nonsense. There are no People in the World experience Death so often as Lovers: There passes not a Day but Hundreds are dying with Despair, and Thousands are expiring with Extasy; but the particular Happiness of this Species is, that they very easily revive, if it be to no other Purpose than dying again; and this Mortality, at length, grows so familiar to 'em, that they are not at all shock'd at it, but meet their Fate with all possible Fortitude and decent Resignation.

By

By all expecting Heirs, modish Spouses, eldest Sons, and younger Brothers, by all the Wicked and the Poor, Death is worshipped as the Genius of good Fortune, and courted to interpose between those and us, who interpose between us and our ambitious Views. And we too often wait upon those to their long Home with all the Approbation and Esteem in the World, whom, while they were alive, we thought very useless Members of Society and Cumberers of the Ground.

THE Widow *Long-for't*, I remember, in the 65th Year of her Age, and the first of her Widowhood, entertain'd a very violent Passion for a Gentleman in the Guards: She made him her Sovereign Leige, Lord, and Husband, and he made her ——— repent it: I have often heard him wonder how she had the Impudence to be seen in the World at that Age; and t'other Night, when I condoled with him upon her Death, he answer'd, *Yes, indeed, the Woman was a very good Sort of a Woman, and has oblig'd me mightily.*

THERE is a certain Order of People, at present, very flourishing in this Island, who use this Word without any Meaning at all. It is to them a mere Expletive, and tends only to prolong a Period. One would think this might be innocently done enough, and that talking Nonsense could not be very criminal; yet 'tis generally thought, that the Beaus, who look as harmless and unmeaning as any People in the World, are the

*The Wise, thro' Thought, th' Insults of Death defy;
The Fools, thro' bless'd Insensibility:*

*'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the*
(*Brave;*

*It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free,
And, tho' a Tyrant, gives us Liberty.*





Of Grief.



GR I E F is that Passion, or Pain of Mind, which we feel for any great Loss or Disappointment; and nothing does more marr or destroy the Pleasures of Life. It covers the Soul with Blackness and Horror, and sees nothing but through these Mediums. The very Reflection on former Delights brings to a disconsolate Mind present Anguish, because they are no longer in our Power; and therefore such a Reflection serves only to introduce a painful Comparison between ourselves now and formerly.

TH E R E is a gloomy Pleasure in being dejected and inconsolable; Melancholy studies how to improve itself, and Sorrow finds wonderful Relief in being still more sorrowful.

AFFLICTION is often of our own making, and is either the Child of Imagination, or
Pride,

Pride, or some such trivial Parent ; and then the Ridicule of it may justly prevent our Pity. And yet even here we ought not, in my Opinion, to proportion our Sympathy to the Cause which produc'd the Misfortune, but to the Weight and Effect it has upon the Person griev'd. Though the Grounds of Sorrow may, to a Stander-by, appear small and contemptible, they may, at the same Time, be magnify'd by the Sufferer into vast Bulk and Importance.

GREAT Sufferings, therefore, challenge equal Pity, without our examining why, or wherefore. The poor Creature in *Bedlam*, who despair'd, and run Mad, because he had a hoarse Pipe, and could not sing so well as *Nicholini*, tho' he had often attempted it, shar'd as much of my Compassion as the *Welch Woman*, who was in the same Lodgings and Condition, because she had lost her Lover on her Wedding Day : As they were equally mad, they were equal Objects of Pity.

To be afflicted with the Afflicted, is an Instance of Humanity, and the Demand of good Nature and good Breeding. Pity is but an imaginary Aid ; and yet, were it not for that, Sorrow would be many Times utterly insupportable.

MIRTH is by no Means a Remedy for Grief ; on the contrary, it raises and inflames it, and, like the Contention of opposite Elements, begets fresh Tumult and Disorder in the Head of the Afflicted, who either imagine

themselves to be insulted by it, and then Pride is added to Sorrow; or think it unpardonable to attend to it, and then Anguish is improv'd by Reproach.

NOR do sudden Diversions and new Objects at first relieve those who languish under Grief; for, to be amus'd with these, would look as if they were weary of their Mourning, and fond of Occasions to forget it, which is to them a great Crime: Or else new Objects start new Images and Circumstances, and so create more Matter for more Melancholy.

THE only probable Way I know of softening and curing Grief in others, is by putting on an Appearance of feeling it yourself; and you must, besides, talk frequently and feelingly of the Occasion, and praise and blame as the Sufferer does: But then remember to make Use of the Opportunity this Condescension and Familiarity gives you, of leading him, by Degrees, into Things and Passages remote from his present Bent of Mind, and not unpleasant in themselves. In this Manner, and by this Policy, you will be able to steal him away from his Afflictions with his own Approbation, and teach him to think and speak of other Things than that alone which frets his Heart.

I would not, by any Thing that I have said, be thought to encourage People to grow pettish, in order to be pitty'd; I am, on the other Hand, for disappointing all that do it. If they will be Children, let us use them like Children, and laugh at them. They
richly

sickly merit Ridicule, whose Sorrow can be cur'd when ever they themselves please.

To others, the forc'd Affliction of these Sort of Folks, may perhaps appear whimsical and unreasonable; but they, for their Parts, are apt to wonder at the shameful Insensibility of Mankind, not to see with their moist Eyes, and be afflicted with what they choose to feel.

THERE is an Orthodoxy even in Sorrow, and we take upon us to be very angry at the rest of the World, if they do not implicitly join with us in an Uniformity of Misery. To the Mourner all merry Fellows are Schismatics, and every Thing that is gay is likewise erroneous; and because his Palate is disorder'd, and his Brain turn'd, he is amaz'd that the chearful can laugh, and the Sound enjoy their Senses and their Taste.

THE good Man has lost a Mistress, or a Place, and yet the Sun shines, and Mankind are merry!

It is something odd, and indeed a little ambitious, for one or more People to expect the World should droop for their single and perhaps imaginary Misfortune. *Damon* loses ten thousand Pounds at Play, and goes Home and hangs himself—Would it not be rash in the Universe to follow his Example? Miss *Lydia* cries 'till her Lace starts, because Cousin *Gatty* has run away with her Spark; but tho' she is young, pretty, and weeps most bewitchingly, yet I, for my Heart, can never make wry Faces, nor force my discourteous

Heart to break, because Miss *Lydia* thinks fit to sob.

UPON the whole, I would distinguish between Grief that is necessary and unsought, and Grief that has Wilfulness and Humour in it; and I would endeavour to cure the first by Kindness, Compliance, and Commiseration; and to shame or frighten away the other by Contempt and Sneer. To court Pity is the Way to miss it; but real Anguish will find it without seeking it.





Of the keeping of the Ten Commandments.

I HAVE been humbly of Opinion, for many Years, that the keeping of the *Ten Commandments* was a Matter not altogether unworthy of our Consideration and Practice; and tho' I am of the same Sentiments still, yet I dare hardly publish them, as knowing that if I am against the World, the World will be against me. I must not affront modern Politeness, and the common Mode: Who would have the Boldness to mention the first Commandment to *Matilda*, when he has seen her curtsying to herself in the Glass, and kissing her Lap-Dog, and worshipping these two *divine Creatures* from Morning 'till Night? Nor is *Matilda* without her other Deities: She has several Sets of *China*, a Diamond Necklace, and a grey Monkey; and in spite of her Parents and her Reason, she is guilty of *Will-worship* to *Dick Noodle*; But this last is no Wonder at all, for *Dick*

wears fine Brocade Wastecoats, and the best *Mechlin*, and no Man of the Age picks his Teeth with greater Elegance.

AND would it not be equally bold and barbarous to enslave a Beau or a Bully with the Tyranny of the third Commandment? When it's well known, that these worthy Gentlemen and Brothers in Understanding and Courage, must either be dumb, or damning themselves: And therefore, to stop their Swearing wou'd be to stop their Breath, and gag them to all Eternity. Beau Wittol courts *Arabella* with great Success, and it is not doubted he will carry her, tho' he was never heard to make any other Speech or Complement to her than that of, *Demme, Madam*; after which he squeezes her Hand, takes Snuff, and grins in her Face with wonderful Wit and Gaiety. *Arabella* smiles, and owns with her Eyes her Admiration of these Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman.

THE keeping of the Fourth Command is now nothing else but an agreeable Way of wasting the Sabbath; insomuch, that he who finds most to do on that Day, in which we ought to do nothing, is the most lucky and successful in keeping it Holy. With the Young and the Gay, *Sunday* is only a Reason for shewing their Faces and their fine Cloaths: It is then they publish their Persons and Dress, and demand Adoration instead of paying it. The elder Sort go to Church to shew their Devotion, and to seek Respect; and, in fine, the major Part go thither to see Company, and

and be seen by them. As to those who stay at Home, they generally sleep away the Forenoon, and comply so far with this Precept of the Law, that they do no other Work but that of Snoring. And in the Afternoons, if they are of *Quality*, and consequently above the Authority of *Moses* and their Maker, they generally are pleas'd to sanctify the Sabbath by Drinking and Gaming, and so religiously risque their Health over a Bottle, and make an Offering of their Estate to Chance and a Pack of Cards, and a Venture of their Soul in such good Company.

THE Fair Ladies, tho' they are idle every Day in the Week, yet, to shew their great Complaisance and Conformity with the rest of the polite World, generally find something to do on *Sunday*, if Laziness do not prevent them. I know one, who by writing only upon *Sundays*, has, at this Day, in her Possession several Volumes of her own Works, consisting of Songs, Love-Letters, and Receipts for Jelly and *mundifying Washes*.

AMONG the common Country People, *Sunday* differs from other Days only in this, that *then* they comb their Heads and eat figged Pudding: For tho' they reverence the Church, yet the *going* to it is, with them, but a Thing of Nothing----- A *Sunday's* Dinner is the great Business of the Day. In *London* the Citizens keep the Sabbath by being very spruce and trim, and taking a Walk.

WITH us true-born *Englishmen*, who are so fond of Liberty and Pleasure, I do not at all wonder

wonder that the old Puritan Way of keeping the Sabbath bears so terrible an Appearance. These old Fellows, without minding the Mode, and daring to be saucy and godly, in Opposition to Authority and the Fashion, wore Faces as starch'd as their Bands, and never open'd their Mouths on that Day but with a Text of Scripture, or a Prayer in them. And in Scotland, at this very Time, a Man must be all Sunday long tied either to the Kirk of his Chamber : Nay, every Feature of your Face, and every Bone in your Body must keep holy the *seventh Day*. To refresh your Joints with a Walk, or your Countenance with a Smile, would be as bad as Murder and Sacrilege ; it would be *profaning the Day*, and closing with the *Temptation of the Devil*.

ONE sees in these Instances the wild Extremes into which different Parties in Religion run, while they both pretend to execute, by such contrary Methods, as plain a Precept as any in the Old or New Testament : Perhaps their Hatred to each other may make them wilful in their mutual Mistakes about it. One takes great Pains, and afflicts himself to be in the wrong ; and the other errs merrily with Nature on his Side. I can easily guess who of them is like to make most Profelytes. To reconcile them both, I shall only say, that I hope a Man may be religious without being griev'd and gloomy, and cheerful without being profane or loose. And this Rule I believe will hold, whether it is apply'd to the keep-
ing

ing of *Sunday*, or to any other Instance of religious Duty.

THE fifth Command seems likewise to be forgot, or banish'd with the rest, by the present Generation: For, Obedience to Parents is either lost by the *Rigour* of some Parents, who exacting too much, find none; or thrown off by the perverse Temper or Self-sufficiency of some Children. When a young Fellow, for Example, can neither go out of Doors, nor speak to a Friend, nor put on a clean Shirt, without the Consent of an old Dotard, who forgets that ever he was young himself, he will be apt to do all this and more of his own Head: And on the other Hand, when a conceited young Animal, full of his own senseless Wisdom, but void of Understanding and Good-nature, imagines that he has a sufficient Capacity and Title to rule himself in all Things, the Name of a Father is all the Regard he pays to the Person who begot him, and has a Right to govern him, at least to advise him: Nay, 'tis ten to one if he pays him even that Respect, but, instead of the tender Word *Father*, calls him by the contemptible and reproachful one of *The old Fellow*. I know several of these ambitious Boys, who have the Impudence to ape us *Men*, and scorn and abuse their Parents, for Fear of being thought under the Restraint of common Sense or natural Affection. They are rude and untractable to Father and Mother, but wonderful humble and dutiful to a Whore or a Sharper. These poor free Slaves have their

Ends,

Ends, for no Body charges them with either Piety, or Virtue, or Modesty, or Prudence. We own they are Rakes, as far as they have Sense, and wilful Fellows without Reserve.

I shall conclude with the Apostle's Advice: *Children, obey your Parents: Parents, provoke not your Children.*



Upon



Upon the same.



Now proceed to the Sixth Commandment, having in my last shewn the modern Manner of keeping and breaking the foregoing five.

EVERY Way, whether ancient or modern, sudden or slow, of sending ourselves or Neighbours out of the World, comes under the Charge of *Killing*. Thus drinking a Man to Death is cutting his Throat, though perhaps it may be a Year or two a-doing; for the Guilt is not lessen'd by the Slowness of the Execution, but rather aggravated by its being wilful and deliberate: It is like stabbing a Man in cold Blood, and doing it every Day; and it is double Murder, since it is poynerding one's self to keep another Company.

How

How many Men (I dare not say Women) wash away their precious Souls with the Juice of the Grape, and other cut-throat Liquors! A poor limber-back'd Beau rarely holds it above a Year and an half, and a Whetter about the *Royal-Exchange* as much longer; while a worshipful rural Squire may make a Shift to serve a dozen Years Apprenticeship to Swallowing: For, having much Flesh and small Spirit, he is a long Time a wasting; even as a great Candle with a little Wick will yield a dim and stupid Light for a long while together, and yet consume it self in the End.

O hard hearted Brandy! many a fair Lady hast thou laid upon her Back; *other Means* and *Motives* may do it *for a Time*, but thou overturnest her for ever! Such poor Ladies are in an ill Way; They drink Tea 'till they grow vapourish, and then Brandy, 'till they destroy those Vapours and themselves.

GLUTTONY is another great Murderer, and consequently a notorious Breaker of the Sixth Command. Many of Mankind eat themselves into their Graves. Some stop their Breath with Venison and Carp; some poyson themselves with Soups and Ragouts; and others stifle Nature with Cheese-Cakes and Tarts. *N. B.* Divers worthy Citizens make Custard their Executioner. And, who would think it? even Beef and Pudding, as publick-spirited Victuals and good Protestants as they may seem, are frequently guilty of

Man-

Man-slaughter ; and many a Country-Squire, when he escapes drowning in a Sea of *October*, dams up the Springs of Life with a Rump of Beef:

HARMLESS Mutton itself does likewise frequent Mischief this Way. So that the Butchers, as well as 'Potheccaries, are the licens'd Poisoners of a Commonwealth. It may indeed seem strange, that the Sacrificers of Oxen should be the Sacrificers of Men too, and that ignorant Butchers should interfere with the Learned of *Warwick-Lane*; and yet the Faculty bear with it; for though Butchers are tolerably illiterate and clumsy, yet, as their Profession is the killing of brute Breasts only, I do not see why the College should permit such unqualify'd Brethren. Alas! a Butcher has but one Instrument of Death, and that is his Knife; and what is that in Comparison

As to the Seventh Commandment, I am at a Loss what to say: I am, of my self, inclin'd to think it ought to be kept; but I am wondrous loth to declare so much to the World, for Fear of angering *People of Fashion*; and therefore, to keep Measures both with the Quality and my own Conscience, I do hereby signify to all my loving Readers, that, in *Persons of Figure*, the Breach of their Marriage-Vow, and Infidelity to their Yoke-Fellows, is not Adultery, but only something very like it. In the Men it is but *Taking of a Wench*, and in the marry'd Ladies it is only
a Piece

a Piece of Gallantry. Now when this heinous Sin is christen'd with such modish pretty Names, it frightens no Body; on the contrary, it becomes an innocent and even a reputable Thing. Besides, I wonder how any can be surpriz'd at Things which pass daily amongst us.

BUT to People of my own Rank and Condition, who are not above Christianity and the Law of *Moses*, I do, by these Presents, declare, that Adultery is down-right Adultery; and therefore, as we honour our Maker and fear his Wrath, we should live chastely, and not follow the Example of our *Superiours* in all Things. And here I would presume to advise the Wives of many sober Citizens, that they would not mimick so extravagantly the *Court-End of the Town*; for though the Peaceableness and Patience of their Husbands are great Temptations to Elopements of this Kind, and such as are seldom resisted, yet it would be still better, in my humble Opinion, to live virtuously, if possible.

BEFORE I conclude this Head, let me add, that though *common Usage* is to the *Quality* a strong Plea for leaping over the Seventh Command, yet the same ought to be done with some Caution. I hope Lord *Veteran* will take this Hint, and not carry his Equipage with him any more to a Bawdy-House: For, though his having a fine young Wife is, to *him*, no Reason at all against

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his having a dirty Wh---e, yet such of the common People as are Bigots to Decency and Religion, may be so inconsiderate as to think otherwise, tho' I own the Majority of the Vulgar are of his Side. But I can teach his Lordship *another Method* of being popular, ----- let him keep a good House, and teach his Servants to eat;

THE Eighth Command, as it implies a felonious filching away of other People's Goods, does not *here* want much to be said upon it; since those who break it in this Respect, will hardly be the better for reading this or any other Paper against it. But I must say something to a Sort of Folks who are always complaining, that their Hearts are stoln away from them; which is an errant Lye of their own making. If you ask one of these whining Animals, whether his Heart be not stoln from him, he will Answer, *Yes*. Ask him again, whether the Loss of his Heart, that ran away, does not make his Heart ake *within* him? Again he will answer, *Yes*.

EVEN I, who am so bold a Defender of the Truth, have more than once bely'd my self on this Occasion. Heaven forgive me! I have often said, that my Heart was gone and fled, when I felt it beating in my Bosom at the same Instant of Time. I have lost my Heart three-hundred Times since I was Fifteen, and yet at this present Writing, which is in the thirtieth Year of my Age, I am a hale Man, and a sound Author.

It is not so with the Fair Ladies ; they frequently lose their pretty Hearts without saying a Word of it. I can easily discover when a fair Creature's Heart is taking its Flight, by watching her Eyes with due Attention. I saw *Arretina* lose hers seven Times in one Afternoon ; I was in her Company all the while : At our going into the *Mall* an Ensign of the Guards ran away with it ; and, upon examining his Person, I found he had on a new Pair of white Silk Stockings. About the Middle of the Walk, we overtook a tall *Irishman* ; he was exceeding ugly, but being seven Foot high, *Arretina's* Heart was gone again. Just before *Buckingham House*, a Youth pass'd by us with a Feather in his Hat, and a delicate rich Sword-Knot, which dispossest'd the *Irishman* in an Instant, and ran away with the young Creature's better Part. As we came through the *Spring-Garden*, we met a Grenadier, who was a likely Fellow, and two Foot between the Shoulders ; I trembled for my fair Companion, and, upon staring her in the Face, I saw her in Agonies ; — the Grenadier had superseded all the rest. But going through *Long-Acre*, she dropt him, and fell in Love with a Coach-Maker's Apprentice ; and indeed the Lad whistled very prettily. As we went into *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, I happen'd to say a smart Thing, which routed my last Antagonist, the Prentice-Boy, and *Arretina* grew in Love with me up to the Ears

Ears ; — but, unluckily for me, a Fellow
 just then cry'd *Small-Coal* so bewitchingly,
 that I plainly perceiv'd she had a Month's
 Mind to him. But, mortify'd as I was, I
 waited on her Home, and so we parted. —
Arretina is, for all this, a Virgin.



Upon



Upon the same.



T H O U shalt not bear false Witness against thy Neighbour, says the Ninth Commandment. Then farewell the Tea-Table, and all relishing Conversation, answer the fine Ladies. And I confess this same Precept, which is a peremptory Embargo upon Slander, would, if it were thoroughly executed, effectually shut up almost all the pretty, prating Mouths in *Great Britain*, and entail Dumbness on the most voluble Part of the Creation, as well as the most musical. But as this Law, were it in any Reputation amongst them, might produce grievous Silence, and the like unkind Consequences, they take Care to preserve their Eloquence and Backbiting in Defiance of all Restraint. I cannot deny that there is something of Philosophy in this Practice; for, since the prudent fine Creatures know from Experience, that to
stop

stop their Mouths would be to stop their Breath, and that therefore the Ninth Command would be the Death of the whole Species; I cannot well blame them for preferring the Law of Self-preservation to the Law of *Moses*, and persisting in the Exercise of Speech, and, which is the same Thing, in the Exercise of Scandal, to the End of their Life and their Malice.

To censure, and be censur'd, is the Portion of the whole Sex, which they freely deal to each other; insomuch, that a Propensity to back-bite is become absolutely necessary to Self-Defence; for as every one of them is abus'd by the rest, it is but just that every one of them should have her Revenge, by abusing the rest in their Turn. Hence I would, in their Favour, infer, that when one Lady stabs the Reputation of another, tho' ever so mortally, yet the same must not be construed into Murder, but only be deem'd *Woman-slaughter*, and committed *se defendenda*. And indeed, if the whole Sex were, by general Consent, to kill one another's Credit in this Manner at all Adventures, the Crime would still endure the like Mitigation.

I grant there are some Women not so well qualify'd as others in the Art of Reviling: But then the Default lies in this, that either their Tongues are not quick, which seldom happens, or their Invention is slow, which is as great a Rarity; for if we peep into their Hearts and Inventions, we shall generally find them upon a Par with their more elo-

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quent Sisters in the Trade and Mystery of Scandal ; tho' there be some of the Sex that are but Dabblers, a vast Majority are wonderful Proficients.

IN *Billingsgate*, *Leadenhall-Market*, and the like unpolish'd Places, where Fish and Flesh are slain and sold, the Females treat one another in a very rough Way, and scatter Scandal in plain *English Monosyllables*, which I do not care to repeat: But Ladies of better Breeding, make the Tea-Table their Shambles, where every one butchers her Neighbour, and does, as it were, skin her of her Reputation with great Elegance and soft Language; and this is reckon'd the most successful Way of sacrificing to that devouring Deity call'd *Spleen*. They have carry'd this Piece of Politeness and Cruelty to such a Pitch, that they can even praise a poor innocent Creature out of her good Name, and commend her to her Undoing. *Maria* has the most lucky Knack at cutting Throats with a Feather, of any Lady I know. She has magnify'd *Rubella* into the Character of Strumpet long ago, and is doing the same Courtesy every Day to others of her Acquaintance, who have Virtue enough to merit her mischievous Applause. *Miss Amble* dances very finely, and wins Hearts with her Heels. With this Qualification the young Thing was thought in a fair Way of catching a good Husband, 'till the spiteful *Maria* prais'd her and ruin'd her. It was at a Ball, when *Miss* pleas'd every Body, and was hugely admir'd and commended.

Yes

Yes, says *Maria*, with seeming Sincerity, *she* really dances very well, and is, I dare say, modest, notwithstanding common Report; for I cannot believe there is any Thing criminal in her Intimacy with my Lord——. Here she names the most destructive Whoremaster in Town, whom the poor Girl never saw; and raises a cursed Report, by pretending to contradict it. The innocent Virgin is now undone, and the whole Town reckons her a——. I am apt to believe, that if I bestow'd that filthy Name, for which I have left a Blank, upon *Maria*, I should not much violate the Ninth Commandment. She hides her Lewdness in her Malice.

I do not pretend to debar the Ladies from dear Gratification of Scandal; I would only beg them to turn it into another Channel, in which it might run with less Mischief and Danger to themselves. As the same Dirt which they throw, is for the most Part throw'd upon them, they ought, for their own Sakes, since they must be dealing in Slander, to say only Things that are galling, and not Things that are quite killing, which is the common Practice. Instead of saying that Lady *Such a one* is no better than she should be, let them say that her Ladyship is a Slattern, and knows nothing of Dress. For though this dreadful Charge may be to her worse than the former, and far more unpardonable, yet her Husband and Children may live in good Credit, notwithstanding one Side of her Ladyship's Gown hangs deeper than t'other.

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I am

I am afraid this Advice of mine will not go down with 'em, tho' it is evidently for their Advantage. It is a hard Matter, if not utterly impossible, to find *one good Woman* in the World, who will allow that there is *another* good Woman in it. She assures her self, either from Breeding, Spite, or *Experience*, that they are all very bad, and therefore resolves to give no Quarter. Thus, when her Opinion and her Passion meet, and she acts both from *Belief* and *Desire*, what can stand before her? And yet if any of her Sister Females shew that they have Feeling, and strike again, or, having the same Opinion of her which she has of them, treat her in the same Manner, *she is bely'd, and wrong'd, and innocent*, and the Lord knows what. Thus the harmless injur'd Creature seeks Abuse by giving it, and then laments that we is repaid.

AGGRESSORS, when they suffer, are always least pity'd, because their Misfortune was of their own seeking. Who sighs or sympathizes when a Bully is thresh'd? Could we possibly meet with a Lady, who, being herself *utterly free* from the Spirit of Slander, is yet attack'd with it by others; as Innocence is the best Butt for Reproach, we would all, as one Man, rise up in her Defence: But at present, since none of the Fair Ones will please to accept of our Compassion and our Aid upon *these Terms*, we can only grieve in general, to see the lovely hostile Creatures tear and mangle one another, without joining

ing directly with either Side, which, from common Observation, we are apt to think is equally provok'd and equally provoking. Or, if ever we break Neutrality, it is but in a small Degree, and in Favour of those few, who, tho' *very willing*, are yet but weak, and are therefore worsted by such as *long Use* and *sharper Weapons* have qualify'd for this Sort of Fight: So that our Pity can never rise above a certain Proportion, if it rises at all; unless they will entitle themselves to the whole of it, by laying aside all Rancour for ever.





Upon the same.

HAVING in my last taken the innocent Freedom gently to rebuke the Fair Sex, for the fashionable Propensity which is in them to break the *Ninth Commandment*, I will now give them their Revenge, by shewing them, that we Men are far from being guiltless in this Respect.

AND first, to shew the Prevalence of Spight amongst us ; it is scarce possible for any Man to rise into Notice and Reputation without drawing a Legion of Defamers about his Ears, who follow him with Ill-will and Contumely, in Proportion to the Degree in which he outstrips them : So that the greater his Merit is, the more obnoxious it will be to be traduc'd, and become the better *Butt* for Reproach, which is a Bird of Prey that
never

never flies at small Game but for Want of greater.

THERE is a levelling Principle in Human Nature, by which all Men are animated to pull down to their own Pitch, or below it, every one that by good Fortune or Capacity has got above it. Those whom we cannot overtake we abuse, and, by railing at Worth, make our own Want of it the more conspicuous.

THOUGH this vile Impulse to Slander, with which the Sons of Men are so richly leven'd, has it not in its Power to lessen or destroy those great and excellent Qualities that provoke it, yet it has frequently the cursed Success to marr their Operation, and render them useless, by depreciating them continually, and deforming them with filthy Colours, and gaining daily Profelytes to its Lies.

I have known great Ministers rail'd and ly'd out of their Places, for no other Reason, but that they fill'd them with vast Sufficiency and Honour : But it is a common Thing among all Nations to see *great Patriots* sacrific'd and succeeded by *little Traytors*. And so catching is this calumniating Spirit, that let but a little snarling Curr in a Corner begin the Bark, and it shall, in an Instant, be handed, or rather mouth'd, about by all the Beagles of the same Kidney, which are over the Majority in the Kingdom. So popular is the Talent of Defamation, and so much greater Advantages accrue from Falshood

than from Truth, to Demagogues, and the Heads of Parties.

I have likewise known an eminent Prelate of superior Virtue and Abilities, whose remarkable Love to Mankind, and his great Learning and Labours, only serv'd to incense the Slanderers of *his own Tribe* to *bear false Witness against him*, and to expose him to the Rage, Derision, and Insults of the vile Vulgar, who dispers'd the Lies which their *Directors* fram'd, and render'd the Scandal as universal as it was false and malicious: So formidable are Truth and Virtue to *some*, and so liable to be pelted! By a worthless or a vicious Life he might have won their good Graces; but as he gave them no Occasion to revile him, therefore they took it, and, by so doing, acted upon a Principle of Policy, which is not without its Reasons.

I have also known a whole People distracted, and a Kingdom shaken by Inventions and Falshoods, not more black than monstrous and improbable, and, perhaps, forg'd by Profligates, who, had they spoke Truth, could have upbraided the Government with no worse a Crime, than that they themselves were not hang'd for their impious Attempts to overturn it.

If we look into the Mischiefs that are caus'd by Calumny in private Life, they are without Number: Life, and Reputation, and Estate, lie all at its Mercy; and Death, or Starving, or Infamy, is the frequent Consequence

quence of a cruel Falshood, urg'd with Impudence, or conducted by Cunning.

I have read of a Time, when false Swearing, and the *bearing of false Witness*, was a considerable and a gainful Trade; and whole Colonies of such as excell'd in this Sort of *Manufacture*, were transplanted out of one Kingdom into another, purely for the Merit of their *Calling*, which brought successful Aid to the *divine Right of Oppression*, by subjecting to the Ax and the Halter all those who *impiously* stemm'd its Tide.

OUR Saviour, while he liv'd obscurely with his suppos'd Father, *Joseph*, and did not yet exert his divine Power, was free from the Malignity of bitter Tongues: But he no sooner put forth his Omnipotence, and preach'd Peace and Salvation to Mankind, but the Spirit of Calumny was let loose upon him, and the whole Tribe of Mischief-Makers, particularly the Hierarchy, was in an Uproar, and bent all their Force and Malice to destroy him. And according to the Number and Eminence of his many Acts of Benevolence to human Nature, and of the many Wonders which he wrought, was the Fury kindled against him; and their incessant Slanders kept Pace, if possible, with his Power and Glory. They charg'd him with *having a Devil*, with *Madness*, and with *Blasphemy*; and, at last, by Dint of Virulence and *false Witnesses*, they *crucified him*.

So long as St. Paul continu'd a fiery Pharisee and a Persecutor, he was in the great good Graces of the Jews and their Priests, who honour'd him with a Commission to harass and put under Chains all that provok'd them by embracing Christianity : But when he became a Convert and an Apostle, the first Thing they did, *they took Counsel, and watched the Gate Day and Night to kill him. And, being filled with Envy, they spake against those Things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming.* How they bely'd and persecuted him ever afterwards, is well known to all that read the *Acts of the Apostles*, and *his own Epistles*.

I do not know how it happens, but religious Scandal is the most fierce and terrible of all others ; for when this is the Case, the Person in the Wrong (of which every Man makes himself a Judge) is generally hunted with one false Report upon the Neck of another, 'till mad Malice and Uncharitableness have at last lodg'd him with *eternal Wrath and Flames*. The short and common Phrase is, that *such a one is damn'd*. This must at all Hazards be a false Accusation, since, let the Man be what he will, we are not infallible, to know how God may deal with his Soul. Nor have we the keeping or restraining of *Almighty Mercy*. Every Man has as much Right as another, to pronounce this dreadful Sentence against his Adversary, or the Person with whom he differs ; for *no Man* has it, or ought to have ; He who assumes it

it, only shews his *antichristian Spirit*, which is not very likely to have Truth on its Side. Cruelty, Passion, and Ill-nature, are far from being the Measures and Evidences of Religion and Right, which always take up their Quarters with Mercy and Peace.

THE Want of Charity is the most certain Sign of *Error*, or, if you please, of *Heresy*: For Charity being the first and greatest of all Christian Virtues, he that has not *that*, has *none*. While a Man has any *Thing* to say for his *Opinion*, he ought, in common Justice, to be suffer'd to say something for *himself*. As we cannot think a reasonable Creature would *willfully* run into *Hell-Fire*, we ought not to imagine that such a one would be *wilfully* in a *Mistake* which is attended with such alarming Consequences. And can we cruelly suppose, that a *well-meaning Person* will, by a most merciful God, be requited with everlasting Torments for seeking the Truth, and innocently thinking he has found it. The blind Heathens never disgrac'd their Mock-Deities with such execrable Cruelty, nor themselves with such Uncharitableness and Absurdity: The Disposition of the Mind follows that of the Body, and the Opinions which we take up in Health we drop in Sickness: A good Stomach and a cheerful Heart may probably keep us *Orthodox* while they last; but a Fit of the Head-ach often sets us *a-doubting*, and a Touch of the Spleen frequently makes a *Heretick*. We must make
Use

Use of such Bodies as God has given us, and consequently of *such Minds*: We cannot change our Organs nor our Complexions: We cannot therefore complement any Man, or Society of Men, with our Sentiments and Faculties, unless these Dictators in Faith will grow omnipotent, as such infallible Gentlemen ought to be, and make us over again.

I speak not these Things of any one Party of Men. I know no Sect of Christians free from this bitter *accusing* Spirit, this terrible Temper of giving one another to the Devil, who, were he at their Beck and Command, would soon depopulate Mankind, and fill his infernal Dominions *with such as call upon the Name of Jesus*.

WHEN I consider these Things, I am almost ready to join with some late celebrated Writers, by reproaching our whole Species, and railing at human Nature; and the more, because this *unsociable Mischief*, the Spawn of Self-Love and Pride, is never like to end.





Of Travel, misapply'd



I HAVE often lamented and complain'd, that Men will be making themselves greater Fools than Nature intended they should be, by endeavouring to make themselves wiser. Few Men are fit for every Part of Education, and yet every Sort of Education is made, in one Instance or another, to suit every Sort of Men. But there is scarce any Species of Breeding so signally prostituted as that of *Travelling*, which frequently polishes a young Fellow, as it were, in Spite of his Teeth, and turns an honest tolerable *Booby* into an insufferable prating *Coxcomb*. To be able to speak, is the most unfortunate Lesson a Simpleton can learn; but, if he is taught to profane Pen, Ink, and Paper, and can write, the Curse is still heavier: When this happens, Heaven shew Mercy, and grant Patience to his Friends and Acquaintance!

I would

I would not be understood, here, as if I was for debarring any hopeful young Gentleman of *this Class* from every Kind of Learning: No; I am for allowing him a good Share of it, and full as much as he wants: He shall learn his *Primmer*, and the *Church Catechism*, and be taught to set his *Mark* to any Deed or Writing whatsoever. This is *Book-Learning* enough in all Conscience for him, provided he aspires no higher than to be Knight of the Shire, or Chairman at the Quarter-Sessions, or Foreman of the Grand-Jury at the Assizes, or Chief Toaster at a Drinking-Match. But be it enacted by the Authority aforesaid, that, if ever the said Squire presume to make an Elopement from Nature, and his inborn Stupidity, and the hereditary Heaviness of his Family; and, in Defiance of this my Ordinance and Injunction, profanely and sacrilegiously take upon himself the Stile and Title of *Gentleman*, in any other Sense, than as the same is borrow'd from Money, or *ancient Blood*; he is then to be treated as a Lunatick, and one out of his Mind.

I fell into these Reflections, from what happen'd to me not long since, upon visiting a Gentleman in *Suffex*, whose eldest Son is now performing his Travels. The old Man told me that his Son was a most ingenious young Man; that he had kept him nine Years at a Grammar-School, and that he could give a Horse a Purge when he was but sixteen Years of Age; that he used to puzzle all the
Maids

Maids in the Family at *Questions and Commands*, and he did not doubt but he would be a Great Man. My Boy, says the old Man to me, *is very punctual in his Duty to me; he writes me a Letter at least once a Quarter, and never forgets to remember his kind Love to his Mother, and Margery the House-keeper, who was his dry Nurse.* He then shew'd me several of his Son's Letters, in which he told me I should see that the young Rogue had Wit at Will. The following one was so remarkable, that I read it over till I got it by Heart; and I now publish it for the Honour of the *Author*, and the Entertainment of my ever courteous Reader.

*Paris, this eleventh Day of September,
Anno Domini 1717.*

Worshipful Sir,

“ **T**HIS is not forgetting my Respects
 “ to my loving Mother and our *Margery*.
 “ When we came over the Sea from
 “ *Harwich*, it rag'd like any Mad, and I cast
 “ up all that was within me. I was very
 “ sick indeed; that I was — But I had kept
 “ the Neat's Tongue which my Mother put
 “ into my Pocket at Parting, the last Thing
 “ she did, and every now and then I nibb'd
 “ a Bit on't, to keep the Wind out of my
 “ Stomach, as Mother said I should.

“ Our

" OUR *John*, that you put in Livery for
 " me, takes a great Care of me, as Mother
 " bid him : He lies with me every Night.
 " I met Mr. *Stopcock* at the *Hague* : You
 " know he was once our Exileman at
 " *Ar——d——l* ; and he and I drank a Bot-
 " tle together. And moreover than that,
 " I likewise met *Will Runnit*, who left our
 " Parish a great white ago and was a Trooper :
 " He now sells Wash-Balls at *Amsterdam*,
 " and he and I crack'd a Bottle too. I
 " keeps one but the best of Company, and
 " our *John* is never from me.

" I never saw so many Rivers in any
 " County in *England* where I have been as
 " there is in *Holland* ; but we have more
 " Timber growing than they have, and we
 " have sweeter Butter, especially in the
 " *May*-Month, and our *John* says the same.
 " They tells me there is not a Bishop in all
 " *Holland*, and I did not see not so much
 " as one Surplice in it ; so you may guess,
 " Father, whether they be Christians. The
 " People be for ever doing something ; so
 " don't suppose they keep the Sabbath, and
 " our *John* is of the same Mind.

" WHEN we came into Popish Countries,
 " there I met with Cathedrals again, many's
 " the one, of which I was very glad on't,
 " and so was our *John*. But when I went
 " into them at first, I wou'd not d'off my
 " Hat, because they belong'd to *Popish Ido-*
 " *latry* : Till at last a fat Parson, without
 " either a Shirt, or a Pair of Shoes, and a
 " great

" greay Rope about his Middle, look'd grie-
 " vous angry, and gabbled at me in the
 " outlandish Tongue, as much as to say,
 " Pull off your Hat ; and I was afraid he
 " would do me a Mischief, and so I did so—
 " But, however, I told him, *My Father had*
 " *as good an Estate as he, and was a Justice*
 " *of Peace into the Bargain.* This I believe
 " frighten'd him ; and besides, our *John*
 " stood by me all the While with his Fist
 " clinch'd ; and so the fat Parson shabb'd off,
 " and so there was no Danger.

" You can't imagine, Father, and no more
 " can't Mother, what huge great Wax Can-
 " dles they use here in Popish Countries
 " upon their Altars. I warrant every one
 " of them has five Pounds of Tallow in it.
 " Our *John* says, he never saw the like, tho'
 " he travell'd once before, when he was at
 " the *Isle of Man.* The Papishes have their
 " *Common-Prayer-Book* all in *Latin*, which I
 " tells them is a burning Shame, and per-
 " swades them to be of the Church of *Eng-*
 " *land* ; but I finds they don't value our
 " Church no more than nothing, and the
 " Presbyterians be little better ; so I can hard-
 " ly meet with a Christian in these outlan-
 " dish Countries.

" SINCE I came from Home, I have seen,
 " among other strange Sights, one Man
 " plowing with one Horfe ; which to be sure
 " saves a Number of Money. I wish, Father,
 " you had as much Sense in *England.* Our
 " *John* will try to do it when we come Home,
 " if

“ if you will submit yourself to be advis’d
 “ by him and me.

“ THE *French* Folks don’t live near so well
 “ as we do in *England*, and our beef is fatter
 “ than theirs by at least an Inch on the
 “ Rib, and they never make any Pudding
 “ at all. But they eat Frogs like any mad,
 “ and the Devil and all of Onions. Our
 “ *John* is heart-sick of their Diet. Tho’
 “ their Churches be very brave and neat,
 “ yet I likes nothing in them, but the Or-
 “ gans and the Ring of Bells; all the rest is
 “ *Popish Idolatry*. In *Holland*, the Church
 “ establish’d by Law, is all Dissenters and
 “ Presbyterians, and so I did not go to
 “ Church because they be all *Schismatics*,
 “ which is as bad as *Popish Idolatry*, and our
 “ *John* don’t like either of them.

“ HERE in *France* the King is cunninger
 “ than our King, for he does keep a great
 “ Quantity of Soldiers and Dragoons; and
 “ so they have had no *Rebellions* nor *Meeting-*
 “ *Houses* here this many a Day. I wish,
 “ Father, you had the Sense to be as wise
 “ in *England*. A great Quantity of the
 “ *French* Parsons be out of Conceit with
 “ the Government that rules at present;
 “ but our *John* says, the *Red-coats* will make
 “ them know themselves.

“ THIS Town of *Paris* is a main big Town,
 “ and has a Power of Hackney-Coaches in
 “ it. My Coat with the Silver Buttons is
 “ as fresh as if I had put it on but Yester-
 “ day, as our *John* can tell. I wore it two
 “ Days

" Days ago at the Ball, where there was a
 " good many fine Folks, but I find they
 " don't know much of Country Dances here,
 " for when I call'd for *Moll Placket*, and after-
 " wards for *Bury-Fair*, the Fiddlers knew no-
 " thing of them, and no more did not the
 " Company. There was a Colonel there
 " that look'd very hard at me; I doubted
 " he was going to press me for a Trooper,
 " and so I stole softly down Stairs, and run
 " home, and our *John* with me, as hard as
 " we could drive.

" THIS with my kind Love and our *John's*
 " to you, and Mother, and our *Margery*,
 " and *John's* Service to *Peg Hatchet* the
 " Wheeler's Daughter. So no more at pre-
 " sent from,

Worshipful Father,

Your ever loving Son, 'till Death,

Oliver Gape.



Of



Of Flattery.

F LATTERY is the *Art of selling Wind for a round Sum of ready Money.* A Sycophant blows up the Mind of his unhappy Patient into a Tympany, and then, like other Physicians, receives a Fee for his Poison. It is his Business to instruct Men to mistake themselves at a great Expence ; to shut either their Eyes, and then pay for being blind.

THAT Appetite for Praise, with which all Men are more or less transported, is the Ground-Work of the Parasite's Trade. It is the Green-Sickness of the Soul, perpetually craving after Trash and false Nourishment, and, like the Cameleon, living for the most Part upon Air. Hence it is that Flattery seldom comes unsought ; for we hang out false

Colours,

Colours, and, by shewing that we think we are what we are not, court the Deceiver to court us. Thus the End of excelling in any Art or Profession, is to have that Excellency known and admir'd.

FROM the same Reason it is, that we do not always seek Applause from those Actions and Abilities which most deserve it, but from those in which we can most readily find it. For every Man is so far a Judge of himself, as to know that he is not equally fit for *all Things*, though he never fails to think himself better than he is at *some Things*.

THAT aged Songster, Mr. *Thomas d'Urfey*, would never have spent his long Life and fine Parts in composing Ballads for Jockeys, Catches for Fox-Hunters, and Madrigals for Weddings, in all which he has shewn a pretty Genius for such Work, and himself a tolerable Hedger and Ditcher in Poetry; I say, the ingenious Mr. *Thomas d'Urfey* would never have soar'd so near the Earth, and sung, as he has done, for three-score Years, and more, like a Lark in a Furrow, if his great Modesty had not pull'd him by his Sleeve, and told him, that Heroick Poetry would not agree with his weak Constitution; and yet we see he has crept up to Comedy with great Ambition and humble Success.

AND *Sing-Song Nero*, an Ancestor of Mr. *d'Urfey's*, would, probably, never have banish'd the Scepter and adopted the Fiddle, but

but that he found it much easier, for his Talents, to *scrape* than to *govern*. In this Reign, he that had a musicial Ear, or could twist a Cat's Gut, was made a Man; and the Fiddlers ruled the *Roman* Empire by the alone Merit of condescending to be viler Thrummers than the Emperor himself. He who at that Time could but *wonder* greatly, and *gape* artfully at his Majesty's *Royal Skill in Crowding*, might be Governor of a Province, or Lord High Treasurer, or what else he pleas'd.

THIS *Imperial Piper* used to go the Circuit, and call the Provinces together, to be refresh'd with a Tune upon the Fiddle; and if they had the Policy to smother a Laugh, and raise an outrageous Clap, their Taxes were paid, and they had whatever they ask'd; and so miserably was this Monarch and Madman bewitch'd by himself and his Sycophants, with the Character of a victorious Fiddler, that when he was abandon'd by God and Man, and, as an Enemy to Humankind, sentenc'd to be whipt to Death, he did not grieve so much for the Loss of his Empire as the Loss of his Fiddle. When he had no Mortal left to flatter him, he flatter'd himself, and his last Words were, *Qualis Artifex pereo!* What a brave *Scraper* is lost in me! And then he bury'd a Knife in his Guts, and made his Death the best Action of his Life,

FLAT.

FLATTERY derives its Force from this, that we make our Happiness or Misery depend upon others, who must join with us in the Approbation which we give to ourselves, else it will yield us but a very scanty Pleasure. And this Consent of others to the Opinion we have of ourselves, when it arises from a real Perswasion of our Worth, is Praise; but, when guided by Interest or Fear, it is Flattery. Great Persons therefore, who by their Wealth or Power, give the strongest Invitations to Adulation, ought to guard most against it; for when the Bait is hung out, the Gudgeons will be biting: And most People, considering the Gifts of Fortune as certain Instances and Rewards of their own Merit, do, by coaxing themselves first, lay Traps for others to do them the same good Office.

THUS by being Fools ourselves, we attempt others to be Knaves; and invite them to deceive us, by setting them a good Example. When this is the Case, as it generally is, we swallow glibly the grossest Commendations, because we had before impartially determin'd them to be our Due. So that if any Thing can extenuate the Guilt and Vileness of Parasites, it is this, That their Bubbles are their Confederates, and even their Tempers. When the Fool of a great Family (I do not mean my Lord himself) was chid for attempting upon Mrs. Lucy, my Lady's Woman, *A Pox take her, says he, let her keep*

keep down her Bubbies then. When a Lady holds up a delicate brown Hand, and tells you it is Sun-burnt, what can you do less than cry, *Oh, Madam, it is as white as a Lilly!* And if a Minister of State talks to you of his small Abilities, he will think the Devil is in you if you do not contradict him, though you are sure to lye most dam- nably by so doing.

I have a good deal of Pleasure in the Acquaintance of *Colonel Rugged*, who hates Flattery implacably: He and I were one Night taking a Pint of Wine at a Tavern in the *Strand*, and the Landlord, as he was snuffing the Candles, took Occasion to tell the Colonel, *that he was a brave Man, to be sure. That's true*, answer'd the old Soldier, *and yet thou art a Lyar; for when wast thou a Witness of my Valour? Prithce bring what is to pay.* I could never get him into that Tavern since. *That gracious Rogue*, says he, *had a Design upon me.*

HUMAN Society is not infested with a more dangerous Vermin than a Flatterer, whether he be consider'd with a View to the Publick, or only as the Pest of private Persons.

No Tyrant could not ever have plagu'd the World, had it not been for these supple Slaves, who kept him in Countenance, and sanctify'd all his Cruelties, either by approving them, or executing them. This is the Cause that there are at this Day, and
always

always have been, whole Nations of Parasites. Among a People of this Kind, many are such thro' Ambition, but the most thro' Fear : And it is too true, that in these Countries, when-ever a Royal Villain has a Mind to ride upon the Necks of his wretched Subjects, one Half of them shall hold the Stirrup, and the other lye prostrate while he gallops over them.

To these servile Sycophants it is owing, that several Madmen in Diadems have pretended to divine Extraction, and claim'd divine Honours ; and to prove that they came from God, they always play'd the Devil with his Creatures : But though one of these irresistible Vice-Gods defac'd the Creation, and laid Waste human Nature, yet he never wanted a Band of courteous Rogues, whose eternal Cry was, *O King, live for ever*. And though his Godship was an arrant Driv'ler, and the veryest Ass that ever was deify'd, he never miss'd the common Complement, *Great is the Wisdom of the King*, even when he belch'd or talk'd Nonsense.

THIS Vice is likewise infinitely mischievous in private Life ; Women are flatter'd out of their Virtue, and Men out of that and their Estates too : And there are Instances, where People are every Day flatter'd out of their Senses, and turn arrant Fools, by being wheedled into a frantick Conceit of their Wisdom. There is one

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Consideration, which ought to make every Mortal detest a Sycophant; *He flatters you only to deceive you, and when he has deceiv'd you, he scorns you.* This is as certain as Cause and Effect can make it.

I own that Flattery is so fashionable and universal, that it is to little Purpose, I fear, to say any Thing against it: But since I neither aim at a Wife nor a Place, I am not afraid to speak my Mind freely upon this Subject, and if I do it without Success, the Fault is not mine.





Of the Abuse of Words.



NOTHING has ever deluded and misled Mankind so much as the *Abuse of Words*, which, of themselves, signify no more than the Whistling of the Wind, the Falling of Water, or any other empty Sound. It is the Meaning which we bestow upon them that gives them Reputation and makes them useful. It was therefore the Idea that first created the Word, but at last, Words by not being rightly understood, convey'd false Ideas, and so became equivocal; that is, their Sense became uncertain, and a Word might import one Thing as well as another, and twenty Men might have different Conceptions of one and the same Name.

THE Pursuit of this Subject, as far as it concerns Religion, would be endless, since there is not a Word of any Figure in Divinity,

nity, but what has been tortur'd into infinite Variations, and puzzled and explain'd out of its original Importance and Signification. The People are guided by their Teachers, and they by their Passions; and the Humour, or Frenzy, or Self-conceit, or Interest of the Leaders of Parties in Religion, has turn'd the *sacred System* upside down. One of these Men, when a *Text* will not come into his Measures, nor flatter his Pride, or Anger, tears it in twenty Pieces, and then puts them together again, and patches them up his own Way; and when he has thus darken'd it with a Gloss, he makes himself the Spokesman of the Scripture, which it seems cannot speak for itself, and then assures his Followers, that He and the Bible are just of the same Mind. One of these Concealers of Scripture, does not, in his Inquiries, consider what is necessary to be known, (for what is necessary is also plain) but what is necessary for *him* to defend; and so he consults the Will of God (and hides it) to make his own obey'd.

MEN are often strangely mistaken, when they fancy themselves of one Mind in Points of Belief. Their Agreement goes seldom any farther than in praising themselves, and miscalling others: *They*, forsooth, are good Christians, and all the rest of Mankind very sad wicked Fellows. And so far they believe and act with the Unanimity
of

of Brethren. But tho' they concur so very cordially in Generals, and call some Things good, and some Things evil, by Rote and Custom, yet, when they come to examine or declare their Meaning about them, they have either none at all, or every Man has his own.

BUT this is a Point which I am not going to prosecute, intending in the Sequel of this Paper to treat of the Abuse of Words in a civil Sense, and particularly as it regards great *Names and Titles*.

AND to begin with the highest of them all; the Word *King* signifies no more than a Ruler or Magistrate appointed by the People to keep the Peace, to provide for their Security, and to attend upon and defend their general Interests; for all which they allow him competent Maintenance and Assistance. And therefore *King James the First* defin'd a *King to be the Servant of the People*, and gave it under his Royal Hand, (which never writ any Thing but Proverbs and Proclamations) that when a Prince broke his Bounds, and disobey'd his Commission, he then *ceas'd to be a King, and degenerated into a Tyrant*; who is a bloody Lunatick, for whom there is no Cure, but locking him up, or *something as effectual*.

A King therefore is the principal Magistrate of the People; and he might as well have been call'd the High Constable of the Nation, or the High Sheriff of the Kingdom,

or the Lord-Mayor of the Country; for every Name is as good as another till it is apply'd. But that mild Meaning of the Word *King* was quickly lost in most Parts of the Earth, and never since found; and only signify'd an *overgrown Bully*, who was absolute Proprietor of the Lives and Fortunes of the *abject Slaves* who were content to be his Subjects, or could not help it; or, in other Words, he was the *National Cut-Throat*, and *Pick-Pocket Royal*. And it is to be observ'd, that the farther he departed from his Trust and from Humanity, and the nearer he approach'd to the Nature and Implacableness of a *Demon*, the more he boasted of a Deputation from Heaven, and claim'd a blasphemous Relation to the God of Mercy and Peace; and his wretched People, aw'd by cruelty, or cheated by the Arts and Perswasions of those who should have taught them better, were brought to believe that he had really a Right to destroy them, and it was their Duty to let him.

LET the Reader take a View of the four Divisions of the Globe; and after he has excepted his own Country and those depending upon it, out of the miserable Delusions and dismal Circumstances which I have been mentioning, let him except two more Kingdoms if he can; for Commonwealths are intirely out of the Question.

THE Generality of Men, in Things that are but ever so little *above* them, see through a Veil,

a Veil, and their Sight grows dazzled and deceitful by looking up.

THE Vulgar will not believe but that a Lord is an extraordinary Person, (and indeed he is so in many Respects) and that he must carry about him much finer Flesh and Blood than they do; whereas I have, with these Eyes, seen a Day-Labourer have a fairer Skin, straiter Limbs, and an honester Countenance than many an Earl, to say nothing of his Integrity and Understanding, which still made the Preference greater. And he who at this very Time is my Taylor, knows more History, Sacred and Prophane, than some Lords whom I could name, not to mention his eminent Skill in Politicks: Few Dukes can talk so pertinently of the Affairs of Church and State; besides, the Man pays his Debts, and is in no wise addicted to Harlots.

PEOPLE of Quality are, like other Idols, worship'd because they are not known; and the Incense which is paid them rises from the Altar of Ignorance. If their Adorers knew them, much Labour and Gaping would be sav'd, and they would keep their Hats upon their Heads, and their Noses from the Ground. Personal Merit is the only true Nobility, and where *that* is wanting, a tall Title is like a Cap of Feathers, gaudy and worthless, and only fit to be worn by an Actor, when he personates what he is not.

IN *Venice*, at a Time of publick Exigency, Nobility was carry'd to Market, and having

a Price set upon it, was bought by those that were able to pay for it; and the Purchasers were just so much the better for it, as they were so much the poorer, which was a seasonable Check upon their new-spawn'd Pride. But Men, even prone to judge wrong, are fondest of those Things which are hardest to come at; and what is rare or expensive, without any other Allurement, never fails to whet their Appetite. It is not therefore without good Policy that the *Priests of Rome* sell their *Trade* and *Trumpery* so dear: If their Jobbs came cheap, the Laity would despise them, and the *Craft* would soon grow cold and ragged.

THIS blind Veneration in the common People for Tinsel and Sound, I take to be the Reason why those who have the Means of acquiring them, are so desirous of possessing them; and therefore, a worthy Gentleman, who thinks fit to be proud, and has hunted a Title till he has got it in his Pocket, does, no doubt, consider it as an Expedient to make the World mistake him, and think him a fine Creature because he has got a fine Name.

Too often the Virtues and Abilities of a whole Race of *Dons* are contain'd in a Scroll of Parchment. Nay, perhaps, the Parchment it self, tho' it swells with Panegyrick and speaks big, lies from one End to t'other; unless it be constru'd by the Rule of Contraries, and then, it is like, it is every Word true.

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THE Word *Squire* is another Name highly reverenc'd by those who stare upon Things at a Distance. Now I must acquaint my loving Countrymen, that the Animal, so call'd, is a Creature who has a mortal Antipathy to Con-juring, and cannot keep his Beard dry. This is his Character in *London*. In the Country he retails Warrants, follows Dogs, and is a living Barrel of *March Beer*.

THERE is no judging of Men from Titles and Names, and there is no Merit but what is Personal. Virtue therefore and Good-nature ought to be priz'd, even when they accompany the lowest Fortune; and the Knave or Calf of Quality should be scorn'd, tho' they be gilded.





Of Credulity.

CREDULITY is a Weakness from which very few are exempted, tho' it be evident, from daily Facts and Experience, that nothing does so much conduce to put one Man in the Power of another. It is the essential Tool and Ground-work of Craft and Imposture; the Foundation upon which they stand, and the Means by which they are propagated. For as Knavery and Folly are Master and Man, Delusion would soon walk very lame, and perhaps drop for good and all, if its dutiful Slave *Credulity* did not run by its Side, and keep it from falling. The holy Crafts-men of *Diana* might have bawl'd and prais'd their good Customer the Goddess, 'till they had rent their Lungs, and yet not preserv'd their Trade, had not the credulous Mob taken the Word of these Cheats, and, growing zealous for the Pagan Church at *Ephesus*, defended its Image from Danger. So little had

had the blind Multitude profited by the inspir'd Doctrine of St. Paul, who, for a great while, *spoke boldly amongst them, disputing and perswading the Things concerning the Kingdom of God, who wrought special Miracles by his Hands; so that from his Body were brought unto the Sick Handkerchiefs or Aprons, and the Diseases departed from them, and the evil Spirits went out of them.* Acts xix. v. 8, 11, and 12.)

IN the Trade of misguiding Mankind, it is not necessary that the Errors and Stories into which you would draw them, have any Marks of Truth and Probability; for Truth being a plain homely Thing, and wanting Novelty and Wonderfulness, and the like Trap-pings which strike the Vulgar, you cannot recommend it to them with any Success; and, for the same Reason, that which resembles it, cannot expect much better Quarter. But every Thing which is incredible, they will greedily believe; and when you would convince them, you must amaze them. If you have Reason on your Side, you will make no Profelytes, and can never gain their Faith, if they know to what.

As a Traveller, who leaving the beaten Road for one more pleasant and less certain is often so bewilder'd that he cannot return; so those who resign themselves up to Credulity, wander, for the most Part, in the Mazes of Error as long as they live, and are the more fond of Deceit the less they know why or wherefore. They delight to look at that
which

which they cannot see; and the Spirit of *gaping* and *wondering*, which captivates the Bulk of Mankind, is too alluring to be banish'd. Thus Ignorance and Delusion are not without their Pleasures; and, no doubt, even Frenzy and Slavery have theirs. I make no Question but many a Madman, now in Chains and Straw, would be an eminent Loser by returning to Liberty and his Senses.

THE Impossibility of knowing future Events, without the Assistance of divine Revelation, which now, I think, is allow'd to have for some Time ceas'd, has not been able to hinder many good Christians and others from making wild Inquiries about them; and from the Benevolence and *Credulity* of such Peepers into Non-entities, have arisen the Trade and Maintenance of Conjurers, Astrologers, and Dumb Prophets, every one of which worthy Craftsmen and their useful Callings, I propose, in the Sequel of this Essay, to honour with a Description.

AN Astrologer sets up Shop with a Pair of Globes, a Pair of Compasses, a Pair of Spectacles, a Urinal, and the seven Planets, besides several hard Words, and a Lamp over the Door. With the Help of all this Tackle, he can thrust his Nose into the Time to come, and foretell a Storm of Hail, the Death of a great Person, or a considerable Wedding. Does a young Girl, or an impatient Widow, want a Husband? For half a Crown they may pick and chuse: He has talk'd with *Ve-*
nus

nus about the Matter, and that jolly *She-Star* will, upon her *Chastity*, favour their Wishes. Would a Sailor know the Success of his Voyage? Our Prophet has great Interest with the Moon, and, for the Price aforesaid, he may have what Weather he pleases, and what Riches; for old *Saturn* is in a kind Mood, and will certainly cram our Tars Pouch with Ingots. Has *Doll* the Cook-maid lost a Silver Spoon? Let her give Mr. Astrologer a Shilling, and, after he has consulted *Mercury*, his Thief-Catcher, he shall tell her within a Street where it is pawn'd.

THE Conjuror can do all these strange Things too; but, though he is familiarly acquainted with all the Stars, Male and Female, yet, having *Satan* so much at Command, he is not oblig'd to go upward for his Information. The principal Tool of his Trade is a white Magick Wand, with which he leads *Beelzebub*, as it were, in a Halter, and makes him skip up from under Ground, like a Dog over a Stick. But out of Regard to the chief Devil's great Quality, he summons him not but upon extraordinary Exigencies, having always in Waiting a little young sucking Demon, who is fit to run on small Errands, and fetch Intelligence in trivial Matters. And yet for all his Importance, and the Train of Devils that he keeps in Livery, he sells his Discoveries very cheap, and you may be deceiv'd by him at a reasonable Price. A Philosopher of this Sort is remarkable for a rigid Gravity, and an unrelenting Stiffness

in the Muscles of his Face ; and sometimes he dignifies his Profession with a Pair of Whiskers, which, like Philosophical Beards of old, are sure Marks of invisible Knowledge.

I am next to speak of the dumb Fortune-Teller, who neither deals with *Lucifer*, nor the Planets, and yet can prognosticate Things which he knows nothing of, with as much Certainty as the other two : He is deaf, and so utterly destitute of the Means of Knowledge and Information ; *therefore* he knows more than any Man ; and can inform us better, *because* he is dumb : He cannot use Words, and so makes Signs ; which because they signify something, must *therefore* signify *something to come*. He is not inspir'd neither ; for God Almighty, in revealing his Will, always did it by such as could speak and pronounce it ; and *therefore* our dumb Doctor knows what none but God can know, and yet does not know it from God for all that.

ALL these are the Oracles of the common People, who firmly believe all that they say, and more than they say ; for they take Dumbness it self for their Prophet and Instructor.

I met with an odd Fellow lately in the Country, who is remarkable for *Credulity* and *Incredulity*, as well as for several other Particularities in his Character. He is an old Batchelor, and resolves to continue so, for Fear, if he marry'd, his Wife might happen
to

to eat and drink, and have a Share of the Talk, which he engrosses where-ever he comes. He does not believe one Word of the Old or New Testament, and with him Angels and Devils are equally not Non-Entities; and yet this aged Infidel receives for the profoundest and most infallible Truths whatever an astrological Weaver in the Neighbourhood tells him. He has no Reliance upon Providence, and no Notion of it; but he firmly trusts in the Weaver, and thinks him infallible. If you talk to him of a future State and a Life to come, he laughs at you; but if the Weaver tells him of a future broken Shin, he trembles and looks pale. He was once going to Sea, and the Weaver seem'd of Opinion, that he would be in Danger: Next Time I met him, I ask'd him whether it prov'd so? He told me it did; for, says he, *the Master of the Vessel was always drunk, and we were within three Leagues of a Rock.*

I shall conclude with the following Story. Two Ensigns of the Guards being about to fight a Duel, consulted, unknown to each other, the same Astrologer about the Victory, and he generously gave it to both; but one of them being thrown down and disarm'd, as he was getting up, he curs'd the Astrologer, and, upon Enquiry, discover'd the Occasion. When they found they had been both bit, they agreed to be reveng'd: In short, they cut off his Ears, and made a *Persian Magus* of the Impostor.

Of

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Of Eating.

THE Pleasure, which comes from the
Gratification of any Appetite, bears
Proportion to the Force or Feeble-
ness of that Appetite; and it is very
lucky and providential that it thus happens;
for if the same agreeable Sensations, which
are occasion'd by a Compliance with the
Demands of Nature, and are, in Health,
so quick and exquisite, did continue with us
in Time of Sickness, we should be apt to
indulge them, and, by clogging the Wheels
of Life, put an End to it: But Disorders
taking off the Edge of Appetite, Nature is
at Leisure to rescue itself from a present
Grievance.

To humour Nature is necessary; and to
follow her as far as she will go without a
Spur, is lawful; but to provoke her, when
she

she grows resty, to new Employment, and to cram her after Satiety, is Madness and Self-Murder. The Root of this Vice is in the Imagination; for our Fancy belies our Abilities, making them greater than they are, and we take its Word, and are led by flattering Inclinations into continual Pursuits of new Pleasure, which end in Disappointment or Pain. When therefore our Desires outrun our Strength, it is high Time to rebuke them.

I design this as a Preface to a Dissertation upon *Eating*, which I have chosen for the Subject of my present Paper.

" I was acquainted (says a merry Fellow
 " of my Acquaintance) with a venerable
 " Father of the Popish Church beyond Sea,
 " who was remarkable for two Things; a
 " great Stock of Faith, and as great a Stomach.
 " He believ'd all the lying Miracles
 " of their Saints, and eat all the Capons
 " within seven Miles of him. This reverend
 " Glutton had already, by the incessant Industry
 " of his Grinders, built himself three
 " Stories of Chin, and laid the Foundation
 " of a Fourth, when I met him one Morning
 " exceedingly dejected, and wofully out
 " of Humour: *How now, dear Devourer,*
 " says I to him, *why so gloomy? Is the Pantry*
 " *empty, or does the Spit stand still?* He told
 " me, No, their Kitchen was warm, and
 " their Table well loaded, and they had
 " Choice and Plenty, thrice a Day, and of-
 " ten-

"tentimes four Times a Day. Why then, says I,
 "in the Name of Beads and Holy Water,
 "my most religious Father, in what Branch
 "of Gluttony doth thy Grief consist; for I
 "know, if those Catholick Guts of thine pro-
 "per, neither Heaven nor Earth can disturb
 "thee? Why, says he, wiping his Eyes, and
 "fetching a great Sigh, a Man should always
 "be eating.

Now, though I do not think that a Man
 should be always filling himself, and grow-
 ing in Grease, according to the laudable
 Principle and Practice of this holy and re-
 verend Fryar, who by his Trade had little
 else to do but gormondize, yet I freely
 allow there is a good deal of Pleasure in
 Eating, and, I fancy, he that should set up
 to live without it, would soon make a slender
 Figure, and be forc'd, in a short Time, ei-
 ther to resume the Use of his Teeth, or die a
 lean Martyr to Abstinence.

TEMPERANCE is the Mid-way between
 Gluttony and Fasting, and neither permits
 us to suffocate our Senses on the one Hand,
 nor to emaciate our Bodies on the other
 Hand. One Extreme makes us stupid, and
 the other peevish. The first renders us unfit
 to act at all, and the second makes us fanciful,
 and consequently to act wrong. If there be
 any Preference, it lies on the Side of Luxury;
 for who would not rather be useless, or sleepy,
 than ill-natur'd or whimsical?

FASTING

FASTING being practis'd by holy Men of old, as a Means to recommend their Prayers and themselves to the Acceptance of Heaven, all Churches have come into the Use of it, either at stated Times, or occasionally. But, now-a-days, tho' the Name remains, the Thing is much laid aside; and on *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, Beef, Mutton, and Poultry, are in as good Repute as at other Times. There are, indeed, some, who, with the Help of a good Piece of Bread and Butter in the Morning, are now and then piously dispos'd to fast till the Evening, and then, by eating a double Meal, beg Pardon of their Appetite for their Godliness, and sacrifice to their Belly, for having sinned against it. In short, this Generation, whether they have consulted carnal Reason, or the Example of their Teachers, I can't tell, seem to be of Opinion, That God Almighty can have no Pleasure in beholding his Creatures ill-favour'd and hide-bound; and it must be own'd, that his Ministers, in every Country, keep themselves so plump, and in such good Case, as if they plac'd but little Devotion in the Gripping of the Guts.

As there is a sensible and a necessary Pleasure attending the Performance of every Office of Nature, it is impossible to satisfy Hunger without it; and they contradict common Sense and Experience, and themselves into the Bargain, who make it a Crime; and those who make it a Duty to eat without Delight, must starve before they can practise their

their own Precept. A Gentleman in the Army told me, sometime ago, that while he was in *Scotland*, being entertain'd at a Gentleman's Table, he happen'd to commend very highly a Dish of Fish, which tasted very deliciously; but an austere Parson of the Kirk, who was present, taking it for a Sign of Reprobation, that he was pleas'd with his Victuals; Sir, quoth he to the Officer, *While you pamper the Flesh, I wish you do not starve the inward Man; the Soul is not fed at the Mouth, and you ought not to lust after the Food which perisbeth.* The Colonel told me, that this short Sermon, when he was minding better Things, made him stare; But, says he, perceiving that my ghostly Adviser was two Yards round the Middle, I assur'd him, I would be admonish'd by his Example; for I saw by his Tabernacle his Food did not perish; and then took t'other Cut.

I have often observ'd, that Eating is a rare Help to good Humour. I knew an old Fellow, who, from his first getting up in a Morning, made it his constant Employment to scold at his Family till he set down to Dinner, and then the first Mouthful of Pudding calm'd his fretful Heart, and made him pleas'd with his Wife and all the World: He was particularly fond of Beef, which he call'd Protestant Victuals, and used to say, there was Religion and Liberty in an *English* Sir-loin; but that *French* Cookery was like the *Latin* Mass, and no Body knew what was in it: He therefore wish'd, that Soups and

and Ragouts were out of Fashion, for that, in his Opinion, they savour'd strangely of Popery and Wooden Shoes. Let us, says the old Man, in the Name of Liberty and full Bellies, stick to Beef and Pudding, and then I'll insure Church and State for Half a Crown.

I am one of those Persons who think, that there is much Satisfaction in a hearty Meal; and, as my Luck this Way is pretty good, I confess I make the most of it: Having for these two last Months been more than ordinary happy in my Company, Diet, and Diversions, I doubt not but my Reader has discover'd it, and that my Labours have ever since relish'd of the brightest French Wine, the richest Venison, and the politest Conversation. I am sorry to add, that my Enjoyment of these Blessings is at present somewhat ruffled by the arbitrary Spirit of a Member of Parliament, who is come in a Visit to the Gentleman, whose Debtor I am for all the abovenam'd Pleasures. This dogmatical Person, because he has a Finger in making Laws for the Nation, sets up for a Ruler of my Throat, and pretends to prescribe Laws to my Stomach, which it is well if I can do myself. He has a smart Appetite, and therefore I would be well enough contented, if I might be allow'd to keep close to his Example in the Manufacture of the Teeth, but he is like other Legislators, and scorns to stand to his own Statutes: He watches every Morsel that I eat, and when he sees me making my fourth Tour, with Knife in Hand, towards

towards the Haunch, he seizes my Weapon, and cries, *Prithy, Author, don't oppress your Genius with Roast-meat, but keep your Brains in Tune for the Publick.* And when he has thus pinn'd me down to involuntary Temperance, he puts out his Fork, without ever a Blush in his Face, and recruits his Plate with t'other half Pound of Venison. If I eat a small Slice of Ham for Supper, he holds up his Hands, and wonders where I can find Stowage; but he, at the same Time, devours a Couple of Partridges, and swallows a Quart of Codlins and Cream, and then wipes his Mouth, and gives us to know, that he has made a slender Supper, because he intends to sleep sound. He this very Day spoil'd my Dinner; and, for ought I know, by that Means, this Paper: I was, however, resolv'd to write upon a Subject, which this merciless Tyrant keeps me, as much as he can, from knowing by Experience. How to deal with him I know not. If I should challenge him, he might, perhaps, like others of his House, plead Privilege, or, which is as bad, though not so likely, take me at my Word.

BUT as this Paper grows too long, I must suppress or defer twenty good Things which I have to say of *Eating*, and finish my present Panegyrick upon it, with a Word of Advice to the Glutton. And I assure him, as hard a Doctrine as he may think it, that *Cramming* is not the *Chief End of Man*: I must also inform him, that, upon diligent Search, he will find a Thing within him call

call'd the MIND, which ought to be fed as well as his Belly, and yet has lain long starv'd and neglected; and, in fine, I must desire him, while he is wholly taken up in cultivating the Life and Genius of a Pig, not to forget altogether that he has a human Face, and had once a human Shape. Lord Gormond, will, I hope, take this Hint, and presently dismiss, at least, half a Dozen of his twenty Cooks, and not over-load his Limbs at every Meal, as he does, so as they cannot carry him from Table without the Assistance of ten Servants.



WERE the Actions of smaller Animals and Insects as obvious to Observation, as of Man, we should meet with as frequent



Of the Love of Power.



INTEND to consider, in this Essay, that Fondness for Power and Priority, which shews itself in private Life, and sways all Men more or less.

THE Ambition of being uppermost is found even in Beasts. The oldest Cock is absolute Lord of the Roost, and the strongest Bull is a Grand Seigneur in his black Seraglio. The eldest Buck is Tyrant of the Park, and from his Strength and his Horns claims a Right to Power: And no doubt but every individual Creature, of every Species, with the same Force would seek and exercise the same Jurisdiction.

WERE the Actions of smaller Animals and Insects as obvious to Observation, I question not but we should meet with as frequent

frequent Marks of the like domineering Genius amongst them, and often catch two amorous Emmets breathing Revenge and Slaughter, and breaking one another's Heads about a Mistress; and behold a Couple of valorous Gnats engag'd in single Combat, and wasting their Blood for the self-same Cause.

BEES live in regular Society; their Maxims of State are admirable, and stand upon the profoundest Policy, and their Government and Oeconomy are well known to us: It is therefore owing to their strict Discipline, and the Fear of Punishment, that private Ambition is restrain'd, and Domestick Quarrels are prevented among them; but, as a Body, they often indulge their Thirst of Dominion, and draw great Armies into the Field, one Colony against another, and contend for Preheminence with infinite Ardour and Execution.

BUT the Strife for Priority among Men, is vastly greater, as they have more Things to contend for than the Beasts of the Field, who aim at no higher Prizes than those of Lust and Food.

I have never yet known any one free from the Love of Authority. One has more, and another less, according to their different Tempers and Views, but all have some. And as there is no one who does not value himself above several others of his Kind, he naturally thinks that they ought to be of the same Opinion, and do him the same Justice, and, by paying him Homage, confess his

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Superiority: But if they do not behold him with as much Partiality, as he does himself, he wonders at the Blindness of the World, and so grows Peevish upon it; for the Spleen is oftentimes nothing else but disappointed Pride: However, since there is nobody so low, but he sees, or fancy he sees, some Body still lower, he finds great Comfort in the Conviction of his own conceal'd Worth, and though he meets with no Adoration from Abroad, he never lays the Blame upon himself.

EVERY Man claims Precedence of all the rest in something or other. *I be cunninger than all of ye*, quoth the Nobleman's Fool to his Fellow-Servants, and then he wash'd his Hands in his Spittle, and dry'd them with his Shirt. And the Blacksmith in *Bedlam* being ask'd by a Gentleman, how he came there? Sir, says he, *a Word in your Ear, and pray keep it a Secret*——*The World, Sir, are all mad, and have lock'd up in this Place every sober Man amongst them, and me with the rest.*

IN Consequence of this assuming Spirit, there is no Man living who has not some Slave or other, either in a Wife, a Child, or a Servant; and they that have neither of these to command, will find somewhat else. *Will Wasp* has no Wife, and no Servant will live with him, and yet he must have some Butt to wreck his constitutional Vengeance upon. What then can he do to be mischievous? Why he takes this Method for it:

He

He never gets upon the Back of a Horse, and yet he keeps one; and goes three Times to the Stable every Day, purely to insult the unhappy Gelding, by calling him *Sirrah*, and whipping him till he capers.

I, who am a Philosopher, and keep my Passions under a Clog to my Reason, take no Pains to court Obedience; and yet there are two subordinate Instruments of my own Species, with whose Homage I am graciously delighted; the one is a Drawer, and the other a Coffee-Boy, who confess me their Superior, by ducking their Heads very low, and flying to fulfil my Commands.

I pity Beau *Tinsel*: He cannot, with all the Merit of his lac'd Coat, meet with the least Reverence from any of his Fellow-Creatures, except his Sempstrefs, and the Porter that is his Confident and Letter-Carrier: He therefore picks his Teeth all the Afternoon at his Milliner's Shop, and in the Evening at the Chocolate-House, where every Quarter of an Hour he sends for the said Porter his Plenipotentiary, on Purpose to be ravish'd with these two pretty Words, *Your Honour*.

THESE are harmless Instances of aspiring Natures, and I wish they were all so: But though some are well content with the most superficial Signs of Reverence, there are others who, where they are able, demand very severe Proofs of it, and you must honour them, as it were, with the Sweat of your Brows.

SIR John Brute is a Tyrant of this Kidney: His Lady cannot go into her Coach without his Leave, which he seldom grants: When-ever she asks, he is prepar'd to refuse, and generally adds a loud surly Oath to his Denial: But for all this Treatment, the poor Woman must appear satisfy'd, on Pain of being threaten'd as well as curst: She must never be out of his Sight, and yet she has not a good Word or a kind Look while she is in it: She is not able to buy a Pair of Gloves without having Recourse to his Pocket, and then she is always sure of a hearty Curse, but never of Half a Crown. He goes to a Whore, and, when he comes Home, tells his Wife of it: She bursts into Tears: *Damn you*, says he, *do you begrudge it?* She buckles his Shoes, fills his Pipe, make his Punch, dresses his Issue, and does all the Offices of a Drudge. But he is resolv'd nothing she does shall please him, and yet she must do all too. If she goes about anything without his Commands, *Zouns*, says he, *who bid you do that?* If she stays for his Orders, *Damn you*, says he, *can't you move without a Spur?* His Son dares not open his Mouth in the Presence of this old Turk; but, if he catches the poor Lad looking amiss, *G—rot you*, says he, *do you not know if it was not for me you must starve, you young Dog you?* And then throws a Candlestick at his Head. His Servants never appear before him without trembling, and he has a fresh Sett of them every three Weeks.

By what Arts and Allurements the Ladies acquire to themselves such irresistible Dominion and numerous Followers, I need not say; my own poor Sex sufficiently see and feel it, and we all suffer the Yoke one Time or other. Those that hold out longest, as some do 'till they are Seventy, play the Slaves at last, and run into Captivity grey-headed and toothless. How these our Sovereigns in Petticoats use us too, when they have got our Heart in a Cage, is also known and felt: They mock us with Smiles, or frighten us with Frowns, and we are forc'd sometimes (to our Shame be it spoken) to buy our Bondage of them at a considerable Price.

To conclude, That Person who expects Reverence without deserving it, affronts Mankind with an insolent Demand; and, as they who have least Worth, always put in for most Respect, we ought to measure no Man's Merit by his own Opinion of it, but, judging by Reason and Experience, despise Rogues and Fools, however dignify'd or distinguish'd; and honour good Sense and an honest Mind, in any Shape and Dress.





Of the Expedients to get rid of Time.

THE several busy Actions of Men, and the perpetual Means they contrive to find themselves Employment, and only so many Arts to get rid of Life without Dying. We are in Haste to get over the present Moment, and grasping at something future, which, when it comes, will also cloy us. We grow weary of an instant Enjoyment, after we had, perhaps, passionately long'd for it, and conceive Pleasure in the Prospect of one at a Distance; but when we have overtaken it, it grows Tasteless, and, as contradictory as it may seem, Discontent arises from Gratification. Thus our Life lies in Hope, and is in a restless Succession of Satiety and Desire.

BUT

BUT, tho' Experience shews us the Vanity and Emptiness of our Wishes, we are forever starting and indulging new ones, with as little Success; and our Hopes and Desires, tho' they are continually baffled, are, for all that, continually rising. The greatest Prince lives as much upon Expectation as the meanest Slave; and, as he has fewer Things to wish for, as being already Master of all Things, he is the more unhappy Person of the two, especially if he carries in his Bosom the restless Sting of Ambition. Though he commands every Thing in his own Territory, yet he cannot enjoy it because it is his; and so with great Slaughter and Violence makes a Prey of his Neighbour's Property, which yet does not pall his Appetite for more.

THE great Business, therefore, and Hurry of the World, is nothing else but Diversion, and a Way of wasting the Time; and Princes go to War as they do to a Hunting-match, to keep themselves in Exercise. Great Men strive for Scepters and White Staves, as Children do for Whistles and Bells, only to play with them; and when they plague and harass Mankind about these their Baubles, they do it but to entertain themselves. The Mischief and Misery of the World is to one of these mighty Infants no more than a Matter of Mirth and Amusement. To *Alexander the Great, Caesar, Hannibal*, and the like Children of Blood, Fighting was like a Game at Tennis-Ball; and when they were Men they rode upon Provinces, as they did

upon Hobby-Horses when they were Boys: But, whether in Infancy or Age, an Impatience to stand still and be quiet begot both these different Exercises. Cutting of Throats is as much a Piece of Sport to a Warrior, as playing at Marbles is to a Child. The overrunning of Provinces and the plundering of Nations are to him but taking of the Air, and he kills, burns, and ravages, to pass away the Time.

THERE is nothing more ridiculous in Men, or argues greater Ignorance of themselves, than to be crying, as they frequently do, *We will do such a Thing, or such a Thing, and then have done.* Alas! There is no stopping the Progress of the Passions without extinguishing Life: A Fire will as soon burn without Air. While there is Life there will be Desires, and these being of Things to come, it is impossible to confine them to the present Instant, or any stated Point of Time; We cannot say to them, *Thus far go, and no farther,* since Progression is necessary to their Existence. There is no Medium between Death and Motion; and when we cease to proceed, we cease to be. To be doing, therefore, is a Consequence of Living; and Idleness is but a Deliberation of what is to be done next. Old Men are generally blam'd for laying Platforms and Foundations of great Works and Buildings which they cannot live to see finish'd; but I think the Censure is groundless, since by this Means they cut out certain Business and

and Entertainment for themselves, and open a Source of perpetual new Action and Observation, and consequently of new Pleasure. Such lasting Projects are therefore proper Methods to keep up and encourage Expectation, which is the Food and Relief of Life. Our whole Delight is in proceeding.

BESIDES, these Gentlemen, who turn Undertakers when it is grown late in Life, do seldom or never consider that they must depart and leave their Schemes unexecuted: They think they have got a Knack of Living; and as every Man is apt to prefer himself to all the rest, he is also apt to flatter himself with the Hopes of better Fortune and longer Life than any other enjoys,

THERE was a Gentleman in *Devonshire*, who, after he was Four-score, planted in a Field a Row of Walnut Trees, which it seems do not bear Fruit in many Years after they are set; and when a Neighbour told him that the Boys would steal all the Nuts, *Oh*, says old Eighty, *let me alone to deal with the Boys!* And Mr. *Hobbes*, in the 90th Year of his Age, made him a warm Winter Coat, which he said must last him three Years, and then he would have such another.

THE famous Dialogue between *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, and *Cineas*, his prime Counsellor, is full of Instruction, and excellently sets forth the restless Spirit of Man.

" What, Sir, do you propose in this Ex-
 " pedition against the Romans? Says Cine-
 " as. *To conquer all Italy,* answers *Pyrrhus.*
 " And what next, says the Counsellor: Then
 " we will transport our Army into Sicily,
 " and make that Kingdom our own, reply'd
 " His Majesty. And what is to be done
 " then? Continu'd *Cineas:* Then, quoth the
 " Hero, we will sail to Africa, and bring
 " the Country under Subjection. And what
 " remains to be done after that? Says the
 " Statesman: Why then, says the Monarch,
 " we will sit down and be merry. And what
 " hinders us, I beseech your Sir, from doing
 " so Now? Said *Cineas.*

WHAT Answer the King gave to this last
 Question, is either not said, or I have forgot:
 But it is certain he made Fighting his con-
 stant Diversion to the last Gasps, and never
 came an Inch nearer to that same merry
 Hour, which he propos'd as the heroick
 End and Issue of all his Bravery and Battles.
 He was knock'd on the Head in an Assault
 upon the City of *Argos*, and so dy'd in his
 Calling.

MANY are the Arts and Devices practis'd
 by weak Mortals to dispatch their Time:
 They are equally impatient of Idleness and
 Action: Every Hour is a Burden, and they
 must be doing somewhat to make them for-
 get that they are tir'd; and when the Expe-
 dient itself grows also tiresome, as it soon
 does, then they try another. Thus they go
 on

on in an eternal Round of Curiosity and Weariness, and subsist upon looking forward.

THE Methods of wearing away our Days are as various as the Humours and Capacities of Mankind. Some, as has been observ'd before, lead Armies; some disturb the Publick in a *civil Way*; some make Speeches, and some pick their Teeth. Snuff has got great and universal Reputation this Way, and the Takers of it can recreate their whole Body with a little Labour of the Fingers and the Nose. I knew an eminent Serjeant at Law, who finds curious Diversion in drawing a String through his Fingers, and tying Knots upon it; and most of his *learned Brethren* keep themselves in Practice by stroaking down the Sides of their Perriwigs with remarkable Gravity. The Ladies divert themselves with Tea, and Slander, and Visits, and their Fans, and several other Amusements, about which I shall say nothing. There are some few of both Sexes, who find Devotion as good a Stratagem as any, to shake off Time, and so make Piety a considerable Diversion. With others, Gaming is in great Repute, for wasting their Money and their Time with wonderful Facility. About the *Royal-Exchange* Tricking and Over-reaching are notable and approv'd Cures for Laziness; but at Court, they are no Means known or practis'd.

SINCE therefore People will be ever doing something, the best Advice I can give them is, that while they are amusing themselves

selves, they do not prejudice others. It is con-
 trary to Reason and Religion that one Man
 should reap Sorrow from the Recreation of a-
 nother. Every one has a Title to make him-
 self happy, provided he does it at no one's
 Expencc but his own. Innocent Diversions,
 though ever so trifling, are lawful; and we
 have a Right, upon these Terms, to rejoyce
 in our own Folly. And whoever thinks to be
 severe upon it, will find, that those Animad-
 versions can do the World but little Good,
 which are made upon Trifles that do it no
 Hurt.



and supple Backs and profound Bows are
 traffick'd away for courteous Words and
 cious Grins: In this great Market of



Of Retirement.



TO be absolute Master of one's own Time and Actions, is an Instance of Liberty, which is not found but in Solitude. A Man that lives in a Crowd is a Slave, even tho' all that are about him fawn upon him, and give him the upper Hand: They call him Master, or Lord, and treat him as such; but as they hinder him from doing what he otherwise would, the Title and Homage which they pay him is Flattery and Contradiction.

SOME run into this Sort of Bondage by a Fondness for Popularity and the Eclat of Followers, and others through an Impatience, of being at any Time by themselves. *Poplicola* lives at Home in the Midst of a Multitude, and Abroad in a Mob. His House is every Morning a Market, where complemental Lies are sold for *How d'ye's*; and

and supple Backs and profound Bows are traffick'd away for courteous Nods and gracious Grins: In this great Mart of Adoration and Condescension there are sometimes very good Bargains to be got; you may have a Place, or the Promise of a Place, for asking; and, if you want fifty Guineas, it is only belying his Lordship with some few Praises, and the Money is yours. *Tom Magpie*, the Ballad-Maker, has earn'd of him twenty Pounds at a Time, only by presenting him with an humble Face and a doleful Ditty now and then: But since *Tom* is grown old, and cannot sing so clear, nor bow so low, as formerly, I hear the Price is fallen; for the Quality always measure the Depth of your Obedience to an Inch, and the nearer you throw your Head to the Ground, the more they are honour'd: So that a tall Man, if he has Sense in him, may recommend himself to the Nobility with great Success, especially to the Ladies. I my self miss'd Preferment once, merely because I was two Inches lower in Statute than my Competitor.

BUT to make an End of the Character of *Poplicola*: His Dressing-Room is every Morning crowded like a Chapel; and, on the Approach of the Idol of the Place, every Knee bows, and all pay him Incense: He then puts on his Shirt, as a Parson does his Surplice, in the Presence of a Congregation, who, no Doubt, are mightily

ly oblig'd by the Sight of his Nakedness: Every Day at Dinner he drinks a hundred Healths, to shew his great Courtesy to every one who sits at his Table. It is thought *Poplicola*, every Day of his Life, disposes of ten thousand Nods and twenty thousand Smiles, besides innumerable half Smiles, and several condescending Winks, with Shakes of the Hand not a few. *Poplicola* lives to the World, and the World makes the most of him: He has Leisure and Liberty for the Service of all Men, but for his own proper Use he has none.

I have already said, that some run into this Kind of Vassalage from an Impatience of being alone. One of this Sort seeks Company to help him to enjoy himself, and, at last, by his Success that Way, gets such a Train of Friends and Coadjutors, that he has no Enjoyment at all. Here, as in many other Instances, Pleasure is sought and Vexation found. Thus it is to be weary of ourselves, and not to know, with the great *Scipio*, how to be least alone when we are alone.

I pity the Case of some Country-Gentlemen, who are oblig'd, by the senseless Laws of rural Hospitality, to keep open House and Table for every worshipful Blockhead, and others, who have the Complaisance to be troublesome to them, and to rob them of themselves for a whole Day together. The Gentleman with whom I am passing the Summer, is singularly happy in a Freedom
from

from this Sort of Guests: When I was congratulating him and my self upon this, and enquiring into the Reason of such uncommon Felicity, *Why*, says he, *You know I do not drink, and I have maintain'd, in the Hearing of some of my Neighbours, that Guzzling is not the chief and ultimate End of Man: Besides, it is reported currently amongst them, that I can write and read: This Character of me has frighten'd all the true Country Squires, far and near, from any Acquaintance or Conversation with me: They have just Understanding enough to dread Common Sense.*

I wish our Fools of Fashion in Town would learn Discretion from these their Brethren in the Country. Every little lac'd Idiot about Covent-Garden will needs have it to say, that he keeps Company with Men of Wit, and so is eternally obliging and plaguing them with his Conversation and his Snuff-Box: And they must suffer, that he may make Speeches.

THE only Difference between a Freeman and a Slave, is, that the Former is in his own Power, and the Latter is subject to the Will of another. To have one's Hours and Recess at the Mercy of Visitants and Intruders, is arrant Thralldom. There is as much Reason and Equity in robbing us of our Health and our Money, as of our Time. For my Part, I declare sincerely, I would rather lose a Pound of Blood sometimes, than sacrifice to Company an Afternoon which I had devoted to my self, though I had

had no other Business to do, but purely to follow my Fancy, and give Imagination its full Play. I farther declare, that, though I am an Author, I had rather pay *Jack Foible* Half a Crown a Time, than be entertain'd with his Visits and his Compliments.

NOTHING so valuable as Time; and he who comes, undesir'd, to help you to pass it away, might, with the same Civility and good Sense, give you to understand, that he is come, out of pure Love to you, with a Coach and Six, and all his Family, to help you to pass away your Estate.

I ever lov'd Retirement, and detested Crowds. I would rather pass an Afternoon amongst a Herd of Deer, than half an Hour at a Coronation; and sooner eat a Piece of Apple-Pye in a Cottage, than dine with a Judge in the Circuit. To lodge a Night by my self in a Cave, would not grieve me so much as living half a Day in a Fair. It will look a little odd when I own, that I have miss'd many a good Sermon, for no other Reason, but that many others were to hear it as well as my self: I have neither dislik'd the Man, nor his Principles, nor his Congregation, singly; but altogether I could not abide them.

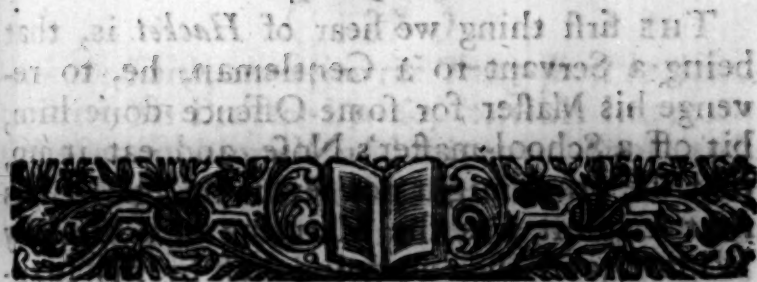
I am therefore exceeding happy in the Solitude which I am now enjoying: I frequently stand under a Tree, and with great Humanity pity one half of the World, and
with

with equal Contempt laugh at the other Half. I shun the Company of Men, and seek that of Oxen, and Sheep, and Deer, and Bushes; and when I can hide my self, for the Moiety of a Day, from the Sight of every Creature but those that are dumb, I consider myself as Monarch of all that I see or tread upon, and fancy that Nature smiles and the Sun shines for my Sake only.

My Eyes at those Seasons are the Seat of Pleasure, and I do not interrupt their Ranging by the Impertinence of Memory, or Solitude of any Kind. I neither look a Day forward nor a Day backward, but voluptuously enjoy the present Moment. My Mind follows my Senses, and refuses all Images which these do not then present.

WITHOUT complementing myself, I always guess at Peoples Dispositions and Parts by their Love or Hatred of Solitude. None but an innocent or a discerning Mind can be fond of it; and few that are vicious or weak care for it: It requires Capacity, because we must be able to entertain ourselves; and Virtue, that we may bear Reflection upon our past Behaviour. Behold here a Lesson and Reproof for those who cannot live without Company.

The



*The Story of William Hacket the
Enthusiast.*

IT is scarce credible how far the Delusions of a Man's Mind will carry himself and others, especially in the Business of Prophecy and Things invisible. There is no Remedy from Reason in this Case, or Use of it. A Person who pretends to have the Spirit, is above all your Arguments, which are human and fallible; and you being blind to his Inspiration, before you can be convinc'd, must be inspir'd too. And this is a Sort of Evidence, which, perhaps, he cannot very readily help you to.

LET this serve for a Preface to the Life of William Hacket, a strange Enthusiast in Queen Elizabeth's Time. I have taken it from Monsieur Bayle, but I shall write it my own Way.

THE

THE first thing we hear of *Hacket* is, that being a Servant to a Gentleman, he, to revenge his Master for some Offence done him, bit off a School-master's Nose, and eat it up, that the other might not sew it on again. His next Exploit was the Marrying of a wealthy Widow, and then undoing her by his luxurious living. The Fellow had no Learning, but a great Memory; this last enabled him to get by Heart a great many Sermons, with which he used to make himself merry over his Liquor. He was a ravenous Lover of Wine and Women, and also a Highwayman. Thus accomplish'd, he set up for a Prophet, and told ill Tidings to come: Famine, War, and Pestilence were threaten'd against *England*—nay, they were to assault it in a Body that very Year in which he foretold them. I must not conceal that the Man was so much a Protestant, as to declare there would be no more Popes; and, indeed, if his other Prophecy had come to pass, there would have been no Occasion for them.

BUT neither his Prediction of these Evils, nor of this good News, could secure his Prophetick Hide from the Magistrates Birch; for at *Lincoln* he was publicly scourg'd for the petty Larceny of foreseeing Things which never came to pass.

Hacket had such Assurance in the Force of his own Prayers, that he declar'd, if all *England* pray'd for Rain, and he himself against it, there should be dry Weather. *Thou hast the Power*, (says he to his Maker) *and I have*

have the Faith, therefore the Thing shall be done. In these his Prayers he used terrible Imprecations upon himself and his own Soul, and pretended that the Effect of them was certain: In his Dispute with an Adversary, he would propose this Condition; *I submit instantly to everlasting Damnation, if I am not in the Right; do you so too, and one of us shall change his Religion, according to the miserable or happy Success of our Imprecation.*

THIS (Mr. Bayle observes) was very absurd. For the Effect of the Imprecation was to be the sudden Death of one or the other, and so neither of them could alter his Opinion. The dead Man could not do it, and the Survivor would not, since the terrible Success of his Opponent's Curse would have given so authentick a Testimony to the Truth of his own Religion. *But it must not be expected,* continues Monsieur Bayle, *that such raving Visionaries should be free from Contradiction.*

HE deluded abundance of silly People with this Kind of Prayer, and told them, that for the Sins of Men, the Devil and his Imps had, for two Months together, inflicted on his Body the very individual Pains of Hell, or within a small Matter of them.

By thus swearing by his eternal Damnation, and other execrable Imprecations, he seduc'd Coppinger and Arthington, two Men of moderate Learning, and made them believe that he frequently convers'd with God, and that the Devil had stigmatiz'd him. His frequent

frequent and most fervent Prayers, an exterior Appearance of great Sanctity, and his Custom of Fasting every Sunday, conduc'd to the Belief of these Things. *Poor human Soul!* (cries Mr. Bayle here) *how great are thy Errors! And how great is their Efficacy!*

Edmond Coppinger had the Title of the Prophet of Mercy, and Henry Arthington that of the Prophet of Judgment. Arthington gave out that they had an extraordinary Mission, and that after Jesus Christ, William Hacket was the next in Power. They afterwards went farther, and equal'd William Hacket to our Saviour in all Things. He himself said in his Prayers, *Father, I know thou lovest me equal with thyself.* He refus'd the Ceremony of Unction or Coronation, for, says he, *I have been already anointed by the Holy Ghost in Heaven.* At last, they ask'd him what he would command them to do, promising Obedience without Reserve: Go, quoth he, *proclaim through all the Streets of London, that Jesus Christ is come to judge the World, and lodges at such an Inn, and no Body can put him to Death.* They obey'd the Prophet with such Precipitancy, that Arthington forgot his Gloves. When by their Bawling they had drawn a dirty Crowd about them, they mounted an empty Chariot, and there preach'd up William Hacket, foretelling, that all who refus'd Obedience to this King of Europe, should kill one another, and that Queen Elizabeth would be dethron'd.

frequent

WHEN

WHEN they had thus executed this their important Commission, they return'd again to their Master, *William Hacket*: As soon as they saw him, *Arlington* cry'd out before the People, *Behold the King of the Earth!*

THIS Fellow being at once an Enthusiast and a Rebel, perfectly hated Queen *Elizabeth*, and design'd to have robb'd her of her Crown and Life, and to have chang'd the Form of Government. It was observ'd of him, that he always fate down and put on his Hat at the Prayers which mention'd her Majesty.

HE was at length sentenc'd to be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, and was executed accordingly. Dreadful are the Blasphemies which he utter'd on that Occasion. One of them being at the End of a very devout Prayer of his, *Monfieur Bayle* observes, that *there is nothing so extravagant, but the Heart of Man is capable of it.* In that Prayer he calls himself the true *Jehovah*, whom God had sent; and desires the Almighty to shew some Miracle from the Clouds to these Unbelievers, and deliver him from his Enemies. But if not, says he to the Omnipotent, *I will set the Heavens on Fire, and* ——— the other Part of the Threatning is so horrid and outrageous, that I cannot utter it otherwise than in Latin, *Q te e Throno detractum Manibus meis lacerabo.* It is said he pronounc'd other Words still more execrable.

WHEN the Hangman was going to do his Duty, *Hacket* turn'd round upon him, and said, *And dost thou, Beast, dare to hang Hacket*
thy

thy King? After the Rope was tied about his Neck, he cast up his Eyes to Heaven, and grinding his Teeth, *Is this, says he, the Recompence thou giv'st me for making a King of thee? But I come to be reveng'd.*

UPON his Tryal he behav'd himself with great Assurance and an affected Gravity. He confess'd to the Judges, that he had stabb'd the Effigies of Queen *Elizabeth* with an Iron Pin, and that he never own'd her for Queen. A little before he was hang'd, he curs'd her with all Manner of Execrations and Bitterness.

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I N D E X



I N D E X.

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